

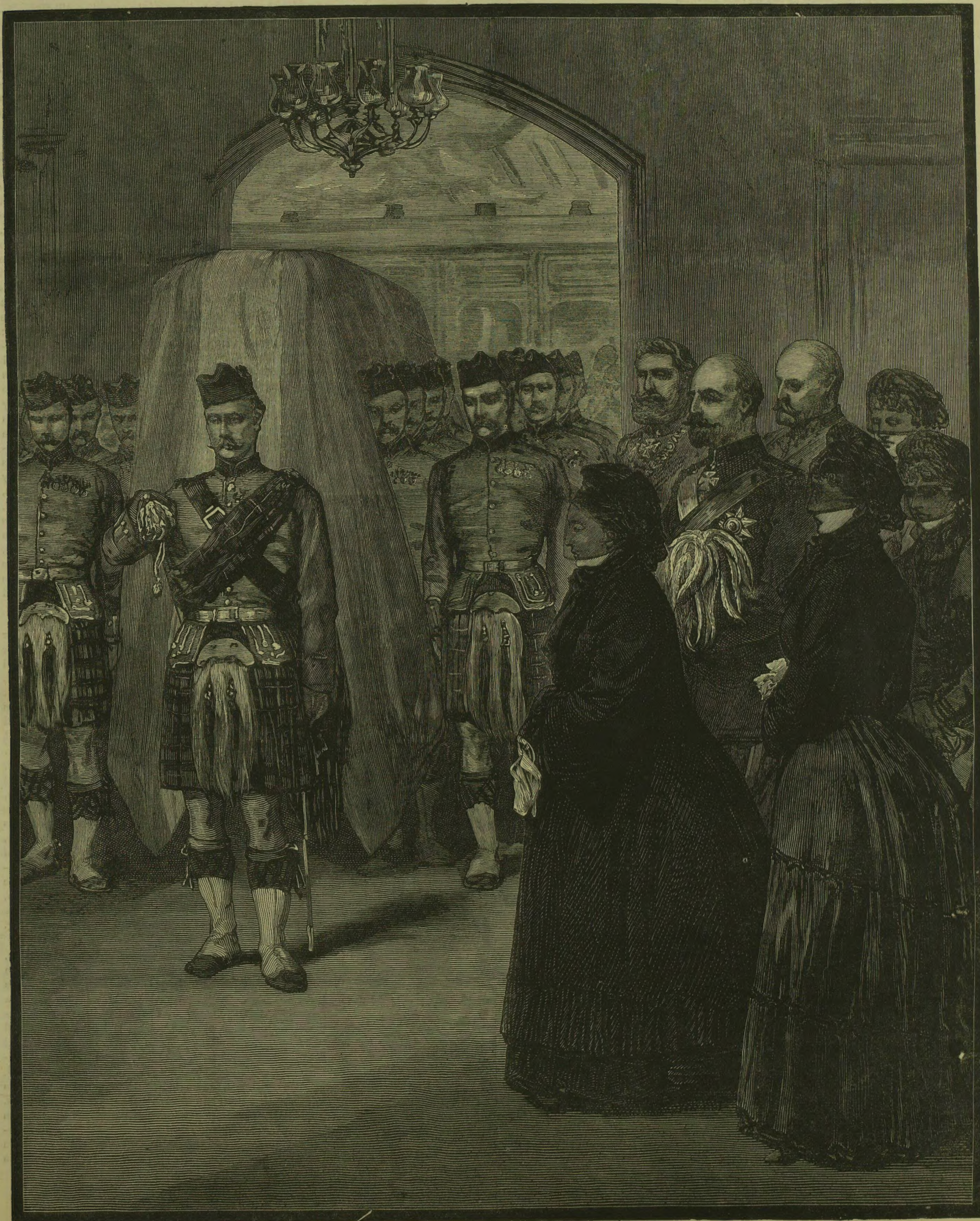
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2347.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND LARGE ENGRAVING, SIXPENCE.
THE BATTLE OF TANNENBERG. By Post, 6½d.



FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY: THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE BODY AT THE WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th inst., at Grosvenor House, the Duchess of Westminster, of a son.
On the 3rd inst., at Upper Brook-street, the Lady Fédore Sturt, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th ult., at St. Andrew's Parish Church, Jamaica, by the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, assisted by the Rev. H. H. Isaacs, M.A., Rector, Vicar of Garland, Esq., H.M. 1st West India Regiment, son of M. Raven Garland, Esq., of King's Lynn, Norfolk, and grandson of the late Captain W. Garland, R.N., to Constance, eldest daughter of S. Constantine Burke, Esq., F.R.G.S., Crown Solicitor and Assistant Attorney-General for Jamaica.

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at Arengos Palace, Gibraltar, the residence of her son, Rachel Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James Burford, D.D., Vicar of Maunden Laver, and relict of Henry Hancock, F.R.C.S.E., of Harley-street, and Standen, Wilts.
On the 6th inst., at 105, Eaton-square, London, Henrietta, relict of Charles Berwick Curtis, the youngest son of Sir William Curtis, first Baronet, in her eighty-eighth year.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on APRIL 10 and 12 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and on GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.—EASTER MONDAY.—For particulars of arrangements, for both the Public and Volunteers, see Special Programme and Bills.
After departure of the Volunteer Special Trains on Easter Monday Special Fast Trains will leave Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge 9.0 a.m. for Havant and Portsmouth direct, at Ordinary First, Second, and Third Class Fares.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
The Company's General West-End Booking Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W.; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar-square. These Two Offices will remain open until Ten p.m. on April 9, 10, and 12.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.
Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate-circus.
Gaze's Tourist Office, 142, Strand.
Jenkins' Office, "The Red Cap," Camden-road.
Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.
Letts and Co., 31, King William-street, City.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time-Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations. Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria .. dep.	6.35	8.0	10.30	11.35	1.45	3.55	4.55	7.15
London Bridge ..	6.45	8.0	10.25	11.40	1.50	4.0	5.0	7.25
Portsmouth .. arr.	9.25	12.0	1.10	2.15	4.22	6.35	7.32	10.20
Cowes ..	11.31	3.10	3.10	4.30	6.41	8.56	D	—
Ryde ..	10.15	12.40	1.50	3.0	5.10	7.25	C	—
Sandown ..	10.55	1.32	2.42	3.41	5.53	8.7	C	—
Shanklin ..	11.1	1.38	2.48	3.47	5.59	8.13	C	—
Ventnor ..	11.15	1.51	3.1	4.0	6.12	8.27	C	—

C.—On Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 9, 10, and 12, there will be a Special Through Service by this Train from London to these Stations.
D.—On Thursday and Saturday, April 10 and 12, there will be a Special Through Service by this Train from London to Cowes, via Ryde.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.
EXPRESS-TRAIN SERVICE FROM LONDON, EUSTON STATION, To Carlisle and Scotland. Week Days only.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Euston .. dep.	6.15	7.15	10.0	11.0	1.30	8.50	9.0	12.0
Carlisle .. arr.	1.30	3.5	5.20	6.75	9.45	4.10	4.55	9.10
Edinburgh ..	4.30	5.50	8.0	9.45	—	6.45	7.50	12.45
Glasgow ..	4.45	6.0	8.0	10.0	—	6.55	8.0	1.10

Express and Fast Trains leave EUSTON for BIRMINGHAM at 5.15, 7.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.0 a.m.; 12.15 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30 p.m.; and 12.0 night Services, under the TICKET OFFICES at EUSTON, BROAD-STREET, KENSINGTON, and WILLESDEN JUNCTION will be OPEN throughout the Day, from MONDAY, April 7, to MONDAY, April 14, inclusive, so that Passengers wishing to obtain Tickets for any destination on the L. and N.W. Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the Trains.
TICKETS can be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
On GOOD FRIDAY the 5.15 a.m. NEWSPAPER EXPRESS TRAIN from LONDON (EUSTON STATION) will run to NORTHAMPTON, BIRMINGHAM, SHREWSBURY, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, WIGAN, PRESTON, LANCASTER, WINDERMERE, CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW, but will have no connection to Chester.
The 9 a.m. from Birmingham to Chester will not convey Passengers beyond Crewe; the 11.10 a.m., Crewe to Holyhead, and the 12 noon Train, Holyhead to Crewe, will not run.
The Express Trains to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington, WILL NOT RUN on Easter Monday.
For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.
Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.
Charges:—For distances under six miles, One Shilling per mile; minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over six miles, or when two horses are used at the request of a passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per mile.
Euston Station, April, 1884. G. FENLATE, General Manager.

BADEN-BADEN.—Old Renowned Alkaline Chlor. Sod. Springs of 44-69 deg. C. Chlor. Lithium Spring of preponderant contents. New Grand Ducal Bathing Establishment.

THE FREDERICK BATHS.—OPEN ALL THE YEAR. A model institution, unique for its perfection and elegance. Conversation house, with splendid concert, ball, reading, restaurant, and society rooms. Fêtes and amusements of every description. Most charming situation. Excellent climate. FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RESORT.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1884.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will Celebrate their Nineteenth Annual EASTER HOLIDAY FESTIVAL, in the
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
EASTER MONDAY AFTERNOON at Three; EASTER MONDAY NIGHT at Eight. Every item in the Holiday Entertainment will be New.
NEW AND IMPORTANT ADDITIONS to the already Magnificent Company.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS
in the most beautiful Hall in London.
Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER ENTERTAINMENT will commence on MONDAY, when Special Performances will be given, in the
AFTERNOON at THREE; NIGHT at EIGHT.
Another Day Performance will be given on **EASTER TUESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.**
EVERY ITEM IN THE EASTER PROGRAMME IS NEW.
Engagement of the celebrated American Comedian, Mr. WARD; and the American Sensationalist, MAJOR BURK.
First time of **THE DUDES QUADRILE**, concluding with a **DOUBLE EVENT** written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—**MORNING** PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; **EVENINGS**, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from Ten to Six. No charge for Booking.—**ST. GEORGE'S ALB**, Langham-place.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give
DAY PERFORMANCES of their New Programme
On **EASTER MONDAY**, On **EASTER WEDNESDAY**,
" **TUESDAY**, " And on " **THURSDAY**,
Commencing each Day at Three. Doors open at 2.30.
Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.
Every West-End Omnibus runs direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—**TWICE** on **EASTER MONDAY**, at Three and Eight, **A MOSS ROSE KENT**, written by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which, an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled **A LITTLE QUADRILE**, concluding with a **DOUBLE EVENT** written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—**MORNING** PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; **EVENINGS**, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from Ten to Six. No charge for Booking.—**ST. GEORGE'S ALB**, Langham-place.

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS (Professional Exhibition)
NOW OPEN. Gallery, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence. Will close shortly after Easter.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the **DORE GALLERY**, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of **CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB**, and other important works, at the **GALLERIES**, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including M. Fortuny's Picture, "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN at **ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES**, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EASTER MONDAY.
The **EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL**, England's Home of Mystery, will be **RE-OPENED**, after structural alterations and improvements, on Bank Holiday, when Paycho's new Mysteries will be presented for the first time. During Easter Week, the Performance will be given twice daily, Afternoon at Three, Evening at Eight.—**W. MORTON**, Manager.

NICE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.
15, 16, 17—APRIL—15, 16, 17.

Honorary President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
Sailing Yachts, Steaming Yachts, Rowing Boats.
£2300 in Prizes.
Battle of Flowers, Venetian Fêtes.
THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN SQUADRONS EXPECTED.
London Agents, Cox and King, 22, Spring-gardens.
The Count DE CESSOLE, President of the Committee.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

The impressive ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, last Saturday was in every way befitting the funeral of a Prince. The Queen herself was able to face the ordeal of the solemn service amid which the remains of her youngest son were committed to the tomb, in the presence of nearly all the members of the Royal Family, foreign Princes, the great officers of state, and the representatives of Continental Courts. It was a day of national mourning. Throughout the land, and in all parts of the British Empire, her Majesty's subjects associated themselves with their Sovereign and her family in the grievous sorrow that has fallen upon them. In the metropolis the emblems of mourning were generally worn, business was to a great extent suspended, and places of amusement were closed; and London was a type of all our towns, large and small. Never before, perhaps—not even at the death of the Prince Consort—had there been such abundant evidence of the genuine affection and reverence of the British people in all climes for their illustrious head, and of the universal desire to honour the memory of Prince Leopold, whose life was as blameless as it was useful; and whose death, so sudden and affecting, leaves around his name "a halo of perpetual youth." It is peculiarly gratifying to know that our bereaved Queen and her widowed daughter-in-law have been enabled to bear with remarkable fortitude their great sorrow, the heaviness of which will, we may hope, be somewhat mitigated by the universal sympathy it has evoked.

An event so conspicuous as the death of the Duke of Albany could not fail to have far-reaching effects upon our ordinary social life. Obviously, and in ways easily understood, it will alter the character of the London season, which has now commenced, and change the current of fashionable life. This is to be regretted less in the interests of the "Upper Ten Thousand," whose gaieties will be greatly curtailed, than on account of the sacrifices which the classes who cater for the pleasures of high society will be called upon to make. One of the immediate results of the domestic blow that has fallen upon her Majesty and the Royal Family was the shadow that has been cast upon the University Boat-Race. This annual competition, which had been fixed for Saturday last, and was necessarily postponed on account of the Royal obsequies, took place on Monday, in depressing circumstances. Under the influence of a downpour of rain which preceded it, and the meagre attendance of spectators on the banks of the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, and the general absence of ladies, the contest was shorn of its usual attractions. Almost from the first the Cambridge crew took the lead over the four-miles course, and won the heat by more than two boat lengths. The issue was in accordance with general expectation, and is highly popular. For four years the Dark Blues have been victorious, and although the Light Blues have now had their triumph, they are still four behind their antagonists in the forty-one races since 1829; that of 1877 having been a dead-heat. Probably neither side greatly objected to Monday's cheerless weather, which almost put a stop to betting, and prevented the massing of crowds of people on the banks and of boats and barges on the river. There has probably been no University boat-race of late years at which the upper sections of society have been so feebly represented.

The Easter recess, which for the House of Commons is to last till the 21st inst., will be welcomed alike by wearied legislators, who have wellnigh wasted two months on matters extraneous to the business of the Session, and by the people at large, who will be greatly relieved at the interruption of the dreary pantomime at Westminster illustrating the "how not to do it" method, which they have witnessed with shame and indignation. Persons who have been led to expect a great Ministerial crisis and an early dissolution will have seen with

unbounded astonishment that the second reading of the Franchise Bill was carried early on Tuesday morning, after a final debate, by the very large majority of 130 (340 to 210 votes). The health of the Prime Minister was sufficiently restored to enable him to speak once more in favour of the bill with his accustomed point and fervour, and Mr. Gladstone pledged himself that the redistribution scheme should be introduced next Session. Perhaps the most significant feature of the debate was the address of Mr. Goschen, who reluctantly opposed the measure on the ground that it gave the preponderance to the artisan class, in the chief counties, without adequately providing for the protection of minorities.

The magnitude of the majority in favour of the bill is due to two causes. It was supported in a body by the Parnellite members, whose claims have been so amply recognised, and the absentees on the Conservative side, owing to ill health, were numerous. This is, however, by no means the final struggle over Mr. Gladstone's reform measure. The conflict will be renewed in Committee, either on the proposal to exclude Ireland from the bill, or on the proviso that it shall not come into operation till the redistribution scheme has been passed. Present appearances would seem to indicate that whatever amendments the Peers may adopt, they will not absolutely throw out the bill. But it is idle to attempt a forecast of the political future. In spite of unprecedented obstruction, the Government have got the chief measure of the Session read a second time, and have by manipulating their opportunities managed to introduce their London Government Bill.

Owing to the backward state of public business, and to the incessant discussions on the Egyptian question, the Chancellor of the Exchequer found no opportunity before the recess of making his annual Financial Statement. But the revenue returns for the year ending March 31 give some clue to the nature of the Budget which Mr. Childers, when obstruction gives him the chance, will submit to the House of Commons. The total receipts for the twelve months, which were £656,000 above the estimates of last April, amounted to £87,205,184; the expenditure is estimated at about 87 millions. Adding the instalment of half a million to be repaid by India on account of the Afghan war, we have a nominal surplus of some £700,000; an amount not very tempting to the ambition of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many things have to be considered by Mr. Childers in the estimate of the national resources and outlay for the ensuing financial year. Although the Income Tax, now reduced to fivepence, has been unusually productive during the past twelve months, the arrears still to be gathered in are not relatively large, and the stagnant condition of trade and commerce, and the uncertainties in relation to Egypt, must affect the calculations for 1884-5. Then the Excise revenue has been materially reduced by the falling off in the wine and spirit duties, and as the temperance movement is still gaining head, this reduction is not likely to be arrested. Probabilities seem to point to a very small available surplus—a margin that might admit of a readjustment of the wine duties, but not large enough to warrant any disturbance of the general taxation of the country. Last year Mr. Childers produced a Budget of great simplicity. This year he will no doubt follow suit.

The Egyptian Sphinx is still inscrutable. If Nubar Pasha, the versatile Armenian who is the chief Minister of the Khedive, has not actually retired, he has threatened to resign, owing to differences with Mr. Clifford Lloyd, which, if not composed, will bring back the corrupt Pashas. Either way, the Egyptian problem is as grave as ever. It is not so much the anarchy caused by a dual system of administration that the British Government fear to face, as the difficulties of the financial situation. When hard pressed by Sir Stafford Northcote last week, Mr. Gladstone, with unexpected fire, described the serious nature of the crisis. The object of the bondholders was, he said, to bring about an English Protectorate, oblige the Government to guarantee the Egyptian debt, and thus incur "immense responsibilities." They would, in short, compel the Government to forego, for the benefit of foreign creditors, the charges which our enforced occupation of the country has entailed on the treasury of the Khedive. This is the main obstacle to a policy which, however vehemently urged by interested persons, the leaders of the Opposition carefully shrink from endorsing.

Her Majesty's Ministers, whether rightly or wrongly, are equally chary of assuming new responsibilities in the Soudan. They intend to retain control over the Red Sea littoral, but have withdrawn the British troops from Souakim, and have come to the conclusion that an expedition from that port to Berber is, at this season, and under present conditions, quite impracticable. General Gordon, according to Lord Hartington, is not in immediate danger, notwithstanding recent untoward events, and has been asked to remain in Khartoum until he is able to release the garrison and hand over the city to native Sheikhs. The direct news from that gallant officer is no later than March 21. He has not asked for an army to be sent to relieve him, and it is believed that he can hold his position in his fortified camp till the rising of the Nile enables him to use his armed steamers with effect.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

It being necessary, for Paschal and other reasons, that this Journal should go to press a full day earlier than usual, the arrangement has conferred on me, in one respect, an unexpected privilege—that of revelling until the latest editions of the evening papers make their appearance in “The Pleasures of the Imagination.” While I am scribbling these “Echoes” Sir William Vernon Harcourt (not unreasonably elated, I hope, by Monday’s majority on the Franchise Bill) is explaining to the House of Commons the scope and intent of the new Government of London Bill; of which the *Times* on Tuesday published a dim forecast, bearing about the same relation to a distinct explanation of the proposed measure for giving a municipality to the whole of London as a “Ramble round the Studios” bears to a serious and exhaustive criticism on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy or the Grosvenor. Still there was plenty of “reading between the lines” in the *Times* forecast; and that is why I am casting the reins on the neck of my steed Imagination and allowing that fleet courser to carry me whithersoever he will.

The Lord Mayors of the future, if the Government bill become law, are not to be elected by the liverymen of the City companies. Will they be chosen by a Board of Aldermen, elected in their turn by a new Court of Common Council, who will be representatives from every part of the metropolis? Imagination, urge again on thy wild career! I see an electoral struggle for the Mayoralty between Alderman the Duke of Doncaster (Liberal) and Alderman the Marquis of Carabas (Conservative). I hear a Tory concourse cheering Alderman Sir Henry De Worms, while a Radical crowd rend the air with shouts for Alderman Labouchere. Nay, what is still more visible and more audible, I see a benevolent Baronet returning to the North Country dejected and disconsolate because he cannot persuade the majority of his countrymen to turn teetotalers. But scarce has he reached Highgate when the bells of all the City churches begin to chime, and, their silvery resonance becoming articulate, my ears drink up—

Turn again, Wilfrid,
Turn again, Wilfrid,
Turn again, Wilfrid,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

I really should like to see Sir Wilfrid Lawson once, if not three times, Lord Mayor.

One would think that in the country of Artemus Ward it would be next door to the impossible to improve on wax-work shows; but “Excelsior” is ever (next to “go ahead”) the motto of Columbia; and it has recently struck the American mind that the art of “ceroplastics” was one susceptible of much higher development than it had hitherto attained. So a new wax-show on a very grand scale has just been opened in Twenty-Third-street, New York. To this exhibition the odd name has been given of “The Eden Musée.” “Eden” evidently refers to the variety-show theatres of Paris and Brussels; but why “Musée”? There is certainly a wax-work show (and a very poor one it is compared with our Madame Tussaud’s) in the Passage Jouffroy, Paris, called “le Musée Grévin”; but “musée” is a French word, and museum is an English one. The Americans are constantly asserting (see some paragraphs further on) that they write and speak English better than we do; but they seem untiringly anxious to naturalise French expressions in their colloquial speech. “Eden Musée” for a wax-work show is “on all fours” with “morgue” for dead-house, “dépôt” (pronounced deepō) for railway station, “janitor” for doorkeeper, and “bokay” for nosegay. Perhaps the “Eden Musée” is a Parisian undertaking; but, if it be so, “Eden Musée” is not French. They do not say “National Musée,” or “Jouffroy Passage.”

There is a Chamber of Horrors in the New York Eden, which is thus graphically described:—

In the crypt below, is a representation of the guillotine in full blast during the time of Robespierre. The guillotine is a real one, and a victim has just been laid with his head between the upright bars, while Dr. Guillotin, the inventor of the machine, and who was afterwards beheaded by it, stands with one hand upon a lever, ready to drop the glistening axe above upon the neck of the poor wretch below. Awaiting his turn, with arms and lower limbs pinioned, is another victim, who is gazing with a look of intense agony upon a cross held aloft by a priest in a black robe, and beneath whose black skull-cap flowing white locks fall to the shoulders. A guard stands behind. The figures and the grouping are startlingly realistic. Another lifelike representation is a lynching on the Plains by cowboys two of whom have just hoisted a writhing figure up near to the limb of a tree, and are about to give the final tug.

Deeply interesting, no doubt; but, as a matter of fact, Dr. Ignace Guillotin was not beheaded by the machine which he did not invent, but which, with a purely benevolent purpose, he adapted from the “Maiden” by which the Regent Morton was decapitated, and which was borrowed from the “Halifax Gibbet.” The “Cavaletto,” by which Beatrice Cenci died, was another precursor of the guillotine; but the Doctor probably owed much in the way of suggestion to a woodcut in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, published in 1746-7, representing a design for an instrument for the decapitation of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, whose neck was so short that it was feared that the headsman would bungle in his gory work and mangle the patient. But, at the last moment, the Ministerial mind was changed, and the Man in the Mask performed his ugly duty with tolerable efficiency. As for poor Dr. Guillotin, he died peacefully in his bed in 1814. His later years had been sadly embittered by the remembrance of the vast quantity of blood-spilling of which he had been involuntarily the cause.

“Larrikin” is a little word of no great moment; but its mention last week has brought me many letters. It was in a Sydney newspaper that I read about “Larrikins;” but the term would appear to have spread throughout Australia. “H. de S.” tells me that “Larrikin” was originally Melbourne slang applied to rowdy youngsters, who, in the early days of the gold fever, gave much trouble to the police. About twenty-five years ago a constable who was very successful in bringing up these youthful delinquents for

“larking,” described to the magistrate the offence as “larrikin.” My correspondent adds that the constable was a Scotchman. But from another and distinguished source I learn that an Irishman arraigned before an Australian magistrate for being drunk and disorderly excused himself on the ground that he had only been “larrikin.” “An Australian Born” spells the word “larakin,” and says that it was used by an Irish policeman in giving evidence against a “larking” prisoner; and that the “larakin” story is to be found (he thinks) in a book called “A Chequered Career.” Finally, Archibald Forbes tells me—

A larrikin is a cross between the street Arab and the “hoodlum,” with a dash of the “rough” thrown in to improve the mixture. It was thus the term had its origin. A Sydney policeman of the Irish persuasion brought up a rowdy youngster before the local beak. Asked to describe the conduct of the misdemeanant, he said, “Av it plase yer honor, the blagard wor a larrikin” (larking) all over the place.” The expression was taken hold of and applied.

It was an American cynic, I believe, who said, “There’s nothing new and there’s nothing true, and it don’t much sinnerfy.” I am not, I hope, either a sceptic or a cynic; but it is discouraging when you think that you have got an accurate version of a story to be confronted by one or more directly contradictory renderings. From the Australian Club, Cambridge, yet another correspondent writes, “Larrikinism is a purposeless, destructive, rowdyism, which finds expression, from my own experience, in knocking off the heads of statues in a mason’s yard and knocking out the eyes of Chinamen with a Shanghai (anglicé, catapult).”

Was Sir Henry R. Bishop the composer or only the adaptor of the exquisite ballad of “Home, sweet Home,” first sung (by Miss Maria Tree?) in the musical drama of “Clari, the Maid of Milan”? I know very well that it used to be said that Bishop adapted the melody from a Sicilian air; and the writer of one of the many letters which I have received on the subject states that he remembers finding the melody of “Home, sweet Home” in what was supposed to be a collection of old Italian airs. Internal evidence is against the supposition that Bishop borrowed the tune from an Italian source. Surely the existence of such a melody in Italian minstrelsy would have been known to Rossini. Now, that illustrious composer entertained the highest admiration for the genius of Bishop; but through some curious affectation he always professed to be unable to remember the composer’s name, and was wont to speak, or rather hum, of him as Monsieur—

Ti tum tum titumtitum,
Ti tumpti tumpti ti
Ti tum tum tumpti tum
Ti tum titum ti ti;
Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,
Tititititiaty
Ti tum ti tum ti ti.

Excuse the substitutes for musical notation. Crotchets, quavers, minims, and semibreves, portraits, maps, and weather charts are not allowed in this page.

A gentleman who is “too clever by half” (I am troubled with many such correspondents) writes (wishing to be facetious):—

“Home, Sweet Home” by Bishop! My Saints and Snakes! Du tell. Why, Sir. There’s not a man, woman, nor child in the States who does not know that it was written by What’s-his-name, who was our Consul to Tunis, and to whose memory both sides of the Atlantic have been putting up a painted window somewhere. Yes, Sir! That’s so—as sure a fact as that our Morse invented the telegraph.

The imitation of Americanese is not clever; and my too-clever-by-half correspondent has made a hash of the whole matter. I spoke of Sir Henry Bishop as the composer of the melody of “Home, Sweet Home.” Whether he composed or adapted it is a moot point. On the other hand, everybody knows that the words of the ballad in question were written by the American dramatist, John Howard Payne. By-the-way, by a slip of the pen, last week, I ascribed the composition of “All’s Well” to Sir Henry Bishop. I should have said John Braham.

There is a very able article in the current number of the *Saturday Review* on “The Ethics of Plagiarism,” in which due note is taken of the little appropriations of Virgil and Lucretius from Homer, the audacious (and justifiable) “taking of their property where they found it”; of Shakespeare and Molière; and the “transaction” (frankly acknowledged) by Mr. Thackeray in the case of the short tale called “The Bedford Row Conspiracy,” which had a Gallic origin. The great author of “Vanity Fair” also borrowed the plot of a story which is in George Cruikshank’s “Table Book,” from Alexandre Dumas the Elder’s “Othon l’Archer.” Dumas père had possibly borrowed his Archer story from some other writer, just as he had borrowed “La Femme au Collier de Velours” from Hoffman, who had already had the same ghastly story borrowed from him by Washington Irving. Goldsmith’s “Madame Blaise” is a clever translation from the French of De la Monnoye.

One of the most curious of literary plagiarisms extant, and one which, for an equal reason, is very rarely noticed, is that committed by Spenser in the first five lines of the prologue to “The Faerie Queene”:—

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherd’s weeds
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter task,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies’ noble deeds.

These lines are coolly “lifted” from the four-line exordium of Virgil’s “Æneid”—“Ille ego qui quondam,” &c.; but modern English critics have dismissed these four lines as apocryphal, and the schoolboy’s Latin “Æneid” begins with “Arma virumque cano.” Dryden’s translation likewise opens with “Arms and the Man I sing;” and in his Dedication to the Marquis of Normanby he justifies the course which he has taken: “I have omitted,” he writes, “the Four Preliminary lines of the First Æneid, because I think them inferior to any

Four others in the whole poem; and, consequently, believe they are not Virgil’s.” But here comes the curious part of the “transaction.” The French poet, Delille, who made a very smooth translation of Virgil, has not banished the “ille ego qui quondam” lines from his version, and expands them into six:—

Moi qui jadis, assis sous l’ombrage des hêtres,
Essayai quelques airs sur mes pipeaux champêtres;
Qui depuis pour les champs désertant les forêts
Et soumettant la terre aux enfans de Cérès,
La forçai de répondre à leur avide attente,
Aujourd’hui saisisant la trompette éclatante—

From these very droll “transactions” it follows that a well-educated young Englishman reading Spenser might be quite ignorant of the fact that the first five lines of “The Faerie Queene” are plagiarised from four lines ascribed to Virgil; while, if he turned to Delille’s translation of the “Æneid,” he would have every right to assume that the Frenchman had stolen the first six lines of the opening from Spenser.

“S. D. L.” (Bideford, Devon) asks for the origin of the sobriquet “Tommy Atkins” as applied to an English private soldier. A lady has asked my correspondent the question, and he was unable to answer her. Nor am I able to do so; but, rejoicing in the remembrance that I have military correspondents all over the world, I live in hopes that some gallant wearer of the Queen’s scarlet (or blue) will enlighten my ignorance on the subject. At the same time, I should be glad to learn who first applied the term “Brown Bess” to a musket; why a sailor is always “Jack”; why the cook’s mate is called “Jack Nastyface”; why a militiaman should be a “Tame Jolly” (Admiral Smythe, in “The Sailor’s Word-Book,” is my authority); and a marine a “Royal Jolly.” Then, again, I should very much like to know the ingredients of the old sea-dish called a “Jack of Dover.” You remember Chaucer’s host, rallying the cook,

And many a Jack of Dover thou hast sold
That hath been twice hot and twice cold.

Mem.: Why is the generic name of a French private soldier always Dumanet?

In the matter of American *versus* “English” English. There has come into my hands a pamphlet containing the substance of a paper on “American English,” read before the Albany Institute, N.Y., by Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker. This gentleman favours his readers (perhaps unconsciously) with a diverting specimen of “American English” when he speaks of “extraordinary Americans of the Henry James Junior stripe,” and when he lumps together Anglicisms, Scotticisms, and Hibernianisms as “Briticisms.” Quite as unconsciously, it may be, he talks of “railroads, telegraph lines, mail routes, and printing-presses.” The English language knows no such term as “mail route.” Touching pronunciation, Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker is good enough gravely to tell us that the word “sliver” which many Americans call “sliver,” following the obvious analogy of “liver,” and following, too, the example of the poet Chaucer (I like “the poet Chaucer”) is sliver and sliver only at present in Great Britain. It happens that the pronunciation of “sliver” is given in the latest dictionaries as “sliver” or “sliver,” at will; and that, although the word is in Chaucer and in Shakespeare, too, it is in ordinary speech and writing all but obsolete among English people, and has “narrowed” into a term of the technology of the manufacture of textile fabrics. In spinning, a “sliver” is a continuous strand of wool, cotton, or other fibre in an untwisted condition ready for slubbing or roving.

That Mr. Tucker’s acquaintance with “English” English (I do not do up his consummate familiarity with American English) is painfully limited is amusingly evident in the following passage:—

And this brings us to another strongly-marked characteristic of our American speech—its greater permanence and steadiness, so to speak, as compared with that of the mother country. Such a change of fashion as has occurred in London in respect to a lady’s robe, which was universally called “a dress” a dozen years ago, afterwards a “gown,” and now a “frock”—the words “dress” and “gown” being accounted alike vulgar at present.

This is wrong, and ridiculously wrong, from beginning to end. No English lady now wears a “robe”—the Queen’s robes, of course, excepted. In American-English it would appear not only do ladies wear robes, but that a dead body is invested with a “robe” before it is placed in the coffin, which, in absurd affectation, is called in American-English a “casket.” Next, the word “gown” was in use a very long time before “dress” came into fashion; and there is good reason why “dress” should be substituted for “gown,” seeing that a “gown” is a garment consisting of a single piece, and a “dress” is in two pieces—body and petticoat. But that “gown” was not discarded on account of its vulgarity is shown by the circumstance that at present a Duchess may wear a “tea-gown,” which is a garment in one piece. As for “frock,” to say that the word is now in “fashionable use” is simply preposterous. Little girls wear “frocks,” and female servants are supposed to wear them; although I daresay they call their frocks—at least on their “day out”—“dresses.” The glaring mistakes made under the heads of “gowns,” “dresses,” and “frocks,” by Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker show how grievously complex “English” English is, in its colloquial form, to a foreigner.

Let us take, as final example, the word “tramp.” I think that the term, as typifying a particular class of people, is scarcely twenty years old in the States. In American-English a tramp means a savage ruffian who prowls about in quest of lonely farmhouses and sequestered cottages, and who is ready for any deed of robbery or violence. In England a tramp is simply an indigent nomad, who wanders up and down the country, as his fore-elders, generation after generation, wandered before him. He is a mendicant, but scarcely a “sturdy” or “valiant” beggar, and he is scarcely ever a footpad. He has neither the courage nor the skill to be a burglar. G. A. S.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



PROCESSION REMOVING THE BODY FROM THE VILLA NEVADA, AT CANNES.

The funeral of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, took place last Saturday in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. The coffin, with the remains of the lamented Prince, was brought from Cannes, where he died, by special train on the railway to Paris, and thence to Cherbourg, as we stated last week. Some illustrations of the departure from Cannes are now presented. The coffin was accompanied all the way from Cannes by

the Prince of Wales. At Cherbourg, on the Wednesday night, it was placed on board the Royal yacht Osborne, which next day conveyed it across the Channel to Portsmouth, where it remained on board, with the Prince of Wales, on Thursday night. It was landed on Friday morning, and was then conveyed by special train to Windsor. The Crown Prince of Germany, the Prince of Waldeck and his son, Prince Christian, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, met the Prince of Wales at Portsmouth. They all travelled to Windsor by the same train with the coffin, arriving at noon. The Queen, with the

Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice, met the train at the Windsor railway station. The coffin was borne in procession to the Castle, and was placed in the Albert Memorial Chapel, adjoining St. George's Chapel, where a short service of prayers and hymns was performed twice in the afternoon on Friday.

Our Special Artist, who was permitted to accompany the mournful journey, furnishes some illustrations of the passage from Cherbourg, the disembarkation at Portsmouth, and the bringing of the coffin to Windsor, which are to be first noticed before describing the funeral ceremony in St. George's Chapel. At Cherbourg, on Wednesday night, the Royal Yacht

F U N E R A L O F T H E D U K E O F A L B A N Y.

Osborne, with the Prince of Wales on board, and with the remains of the Duke of Albany, remained in the Arsenal during the night, her consorts the *Alberta* and the *Enchantress* and a smaller Royal yacht riding to buoys just outside the harbour. She left at half-past ten next morning for England. On leaving the port, twenty-one guns were fired from the fort. When the Osborne had steamed past the French ships of war, the flotilla steamed for Portsmouth, and was soon lost to view in the mist and rain.

The arrangements on board the Osborne for the reception of the remains were simple and appropriate. The dining saloon had been converted for the time being into a mortuary chamber, all the usual furniture being removed. Black draperies, relieved only by white fringing, covered the walls and ceiling, and the floor was carpeted with black. In the middle of the saloon was a platform, raised two steps above the level of the rest of the deck, and upon this the bier was placed. On the walls were fifteen silver sconces, each holding three candles. The Royal yacht had her figure-head and other external embellishments of the hull partially veiled in crape.

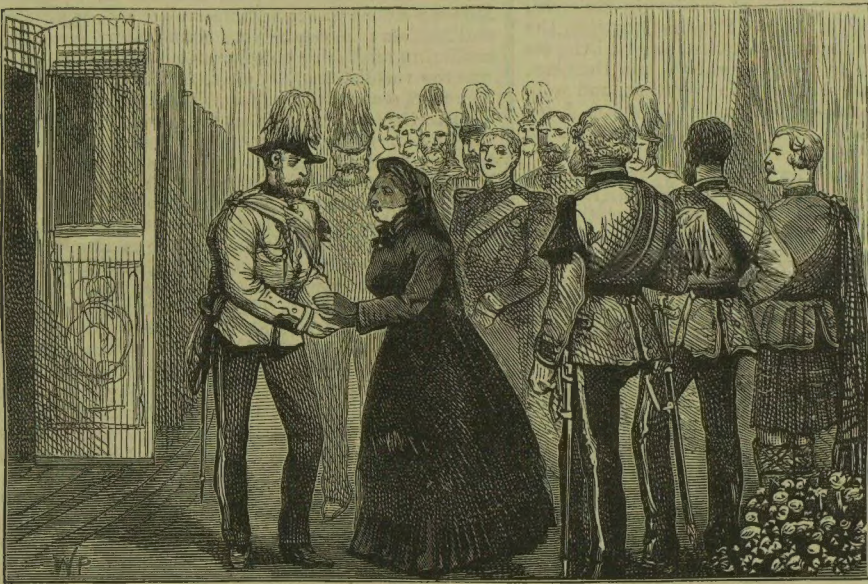
The Osborne arrived at Portsmouth, and was berthed alongside the dockyard jetty, at a quarter before seven in the



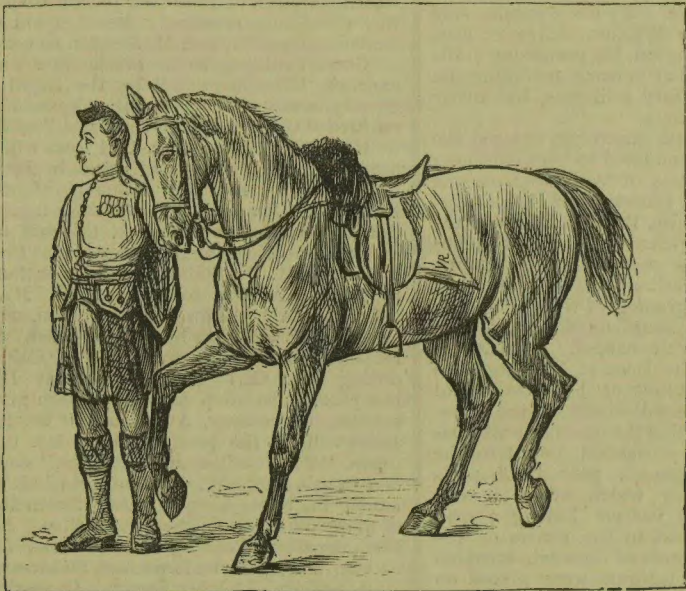
MORTUARY CHAMBER ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE.

evening. The Prince of Wales, wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Naval Reserve, could be seen pacing the quarter-deck. As soon as a black-painted gangway had been placed from the shore, Admiral Sir George Phipps Hornby, Commander-in-Chief of the port, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, who were waiting, went on board, where they were followed a quarter of an hour later by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The latter was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who had just arrived from London. They stayed an hour with the Prince of Wales, and then left for Government House, the Prince of Wales, who remained on board for the night, with the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, coming to the top of the gangway and bidding them good-by. In attendance on their Royal Highnesses, and also sleeping in the Osborne, were Major-General Du Plat, the Hon. A. Yorke, Dr. Royle, and Colonel Ellis. When the son of the Prince of Wales left the side of the ship all the spectators had gone, and the yacht was left for the night alongside the pavilion, under which the body of the Duke of Albany was to be carried to the train on the morrow. This pavilion was hung with black, relieved only by loopings of white silk.

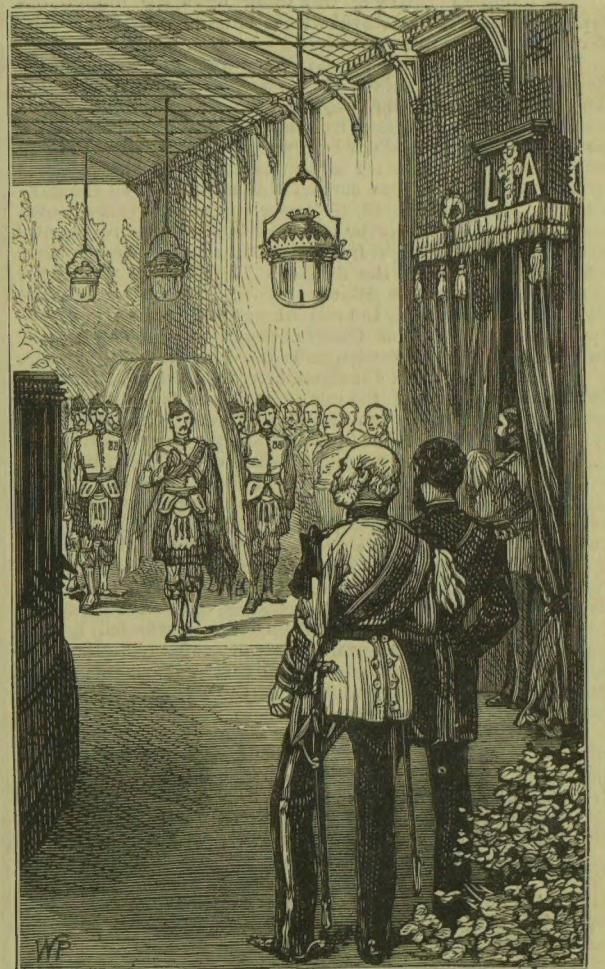
On Friday morning, at half-past nine,



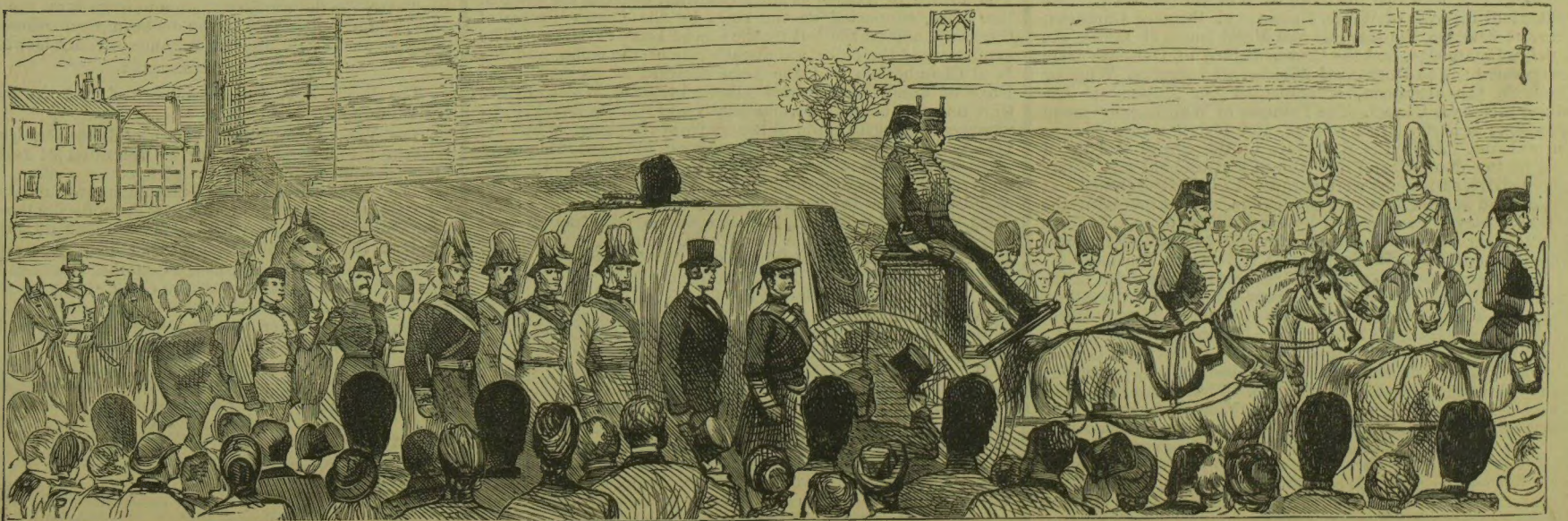
THE QUEEN MEETING THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT WINDSOR: THE PRINCE'S HORSE.



ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT WINDSOR STATION.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT WINDSOR: THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE.

the Crown Prince of Germany and the other Princes arrived by special train from London. They were met on the jetty by the Prince of Wales, who conducted them on board the Royal yacht, to see where the coffin lay, surrounded with a quantity of floral wreaths and crosses. The troops on the jetty then presented arms, and amid the solemn strains of the Dead March in "Saul," the muffled tones of the ship's bell, and the sound of muffled tolling from the neighbouring churches, the coffin, covered with a silken Union Jack, and preceded by the Rev. J. C. Edgell, Chaplain to the Forces, who repeated the burial service, was slowly borne from the deck-house to the pavilion by a party of petty officers and seamen belonging to the Royal yachts. Following the corpse came the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Germany; next came Prince Christian, Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont and his son, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The rear of the procession was formed by the officers and suite in attendance. At the conclusion of the service the coffin was placed in the funeral van, which was painted a dark slate colour on the outside, picked out with naval blue, and further relieved at the sides with the letter "L" in white, and inclosed within a floral lozenge. The inside was hung with black, with white festoons and fringe; and the engine was also draped. The Prince of Wales and the principal visitors entered the carriages set apart for them. The train left the dockyard for Windsor at half-past ten o'clock, the troops presenting arms as it moved off.

At the Windsor railway station, at the hour when the train from Portsmouth was expected to arrive, the Queen, with three of the Princesses, was in the Royal waiting-room, which had been draped and carpeted with dark purple-blue hangings and cloth, relieved by silver and white, and set with flowers. Her Majesty was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice. Outside the station and opposite the Royal waiting-room stood a guard of honour furnished by the Seaforth Highlanders (the Duke of Albany's Regiment). The centre of the roadway was occupied by a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery. The gun, a nine-pounder, on which was a platform to bear the coffin, was drawn by eight horses. A large wreath, composed of the violet, the heart's-ease, and the lily of the valley, sent by the Empress Eugénie, was hung upon the limber. A captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards was in readiness to accompany the procession.

When the train came in, the Queen went to the door of the Royal waiting-room, where she received the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the other illustrious personages who had travelled by the train. The coffin was removed from the funeral car by a party of the Seaforth Highlanders, and was taken for a few minutes into the waiting-room, after which it was carried out and placed on the gun-carriage. A large silk St. George's ensign was thrown over the coffin, and upon this the late Duke's sword and regimental bonnet of black ostrich feathers with a white heckle were placed. The band of the Seaforth Highlanders played the funeral march, "The Flowers of the Forest." As these plaintive strains ceased, the roll of muffled drums was heard, the bands of the Foot Guards began Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," and the procession moved slowly towards the Castle.

Behind the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards rode a part of the escort, and then the gun-carriage bearing the remains of his Royal Highness. On either side walked, in reversed order of precedence, the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., Count Gleichen, the young Prince of Waldeck, brother-in-law of the late Duke of Albany, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, wearing a naval uniform and the ribbon of the Garter, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and the Duke of Cambridge. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who wore a field marshal's uniform, followed on foot, having on his right the Crown Prince of Germany, and on his left the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Duke's charger was led behind the gun-carriage, and the bearer party of Seaforth Highlanders marched next. Then came a closed carriage, conveying her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice.

Filing through Henry VIII's Gateway, the procession entered the Lower Ward, and halted when the gun-carriage had been brought opposite the entrance to the Albert Memorial Chapel. At the entrance to the Memorial Chapel, the Dean of Windsor awaited the arrival of her Majesty and the other members of the Royal family, who were the only persons present during the short service of prayers and hymns which had been arranged by the Princesses with the Dean. During the morning, flowers, ferns, and palms in abundance, had been arranged about the chapel under the direction of the Dean and Mrs. Davidson; and when the coffin, still covered by the ensign, had been placed in the position it was to occupy, the Queen, the Princesses, and the Princes each put fresh wreaths upon it. The floral offerings from Cannes and other places were afterwards brought to the chapel from the railway funeral car. One of these wreaths, formed of gardenias, embedded in Australian ferns and eucalyptus leaves, had attached to it a scroll bearing these words, "On behalf of the Australian Colonies, by their respective Agents-General."

The Queen and Royal family again visited the Albert Chapel about half-past four o'clock, and were present at a second service, at which the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Crown Prince of Germany were also present. The Duchess of Albany, who reached Windsor Castle in the afternoon, accompanied her Majesty to the Albert Memorial Chapel. The Princess of Wales again visited the chapel at half-past six o'clock, and placed a wreath near the remains. After the departure of the Queen and Royal Family, the domestics of the Queen's household and many other privileged persons were permitted to visit the chapel. It was lighted at dusk by silver candelabra, and throughout the night the corpse was guarded by six soldiers of the Seaforth Highlanders, four remaining inside, and two sentries, armed with rifles and bayonets, being stationed outside the door.

On Saturday morning, at half-past eleven, the coffin of the lamented Prince was carried in procession from the Albert Memorial Chapel to St. George's Chapel. The Seaforth Highlanders, with their banner, were drawn up on the green-sward below the Round Tower, and the Coldstream Guards were stationed on the west side of the Lower Ward, presenting arms when the procession moved past. First came two of the Queen's Marshals, wearing their Waterloo shakos, and carrying black gold-mounted batons, and then the servants of his late Royal Highness, followed by such servants of the Queen as had been in attendance on the Duke. Next in order were the gentlemen of his household, Dr. Royle, the Hon. A. Yorke, Captain Perceval, and Major-General Du Plat, her Majesty's Equerry. Foreign Ambassadors came next; Baron Mohrenheim, representing the Emperor and Empress of Russia; Count Piper, the King and Queen of Sweden; Count Perponcher, the German Emperor and Empress; Admiral J. H. Van Capellen and Count Schimmelpenninck van Nienhuis, for the King and Queen of the Netherlands; Count d'Oultre-

mont, for the King of the Belgians; and Admiral Hedemann, for the King of Denmark. The Groom in Waiting and the Lord in Waiting were succeeded by Mr. Collins, C.B., and Major Waller, R.E., Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to the late Duke. Each carried a crimson cushion, fringed with bullion, on the first of which reposed the Duke of Albany's coronet, and on the second his insignia, the star, ribbon, and collar of the Garter. Then followed Windsor uniforms and wands of office, of her Majesty's household, the chief personages being the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward.

Concealed by the silken folds of the Union Jack, and by a heap of flowers, came the Prince's coffin, surmounted by his plumed bonnet and claymore, borne on the shoulders of men of the Seaforth Highlanders; on each side walked the pall-bearers, dressed in Court mourning, with shoulder-knots of white satin. They were Lord Brooke, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Walter Campbell, Mr. Raglan Somerset, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Harris, the Hon. H. Bourke, and Mr. Algernon Mills. Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, walked close behind the Prince's coffin. A relief party of Highlanders immediately followed the bier, and then came the mourners. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, walked between the Crown Prince of Germany and the Grand Duke of Hesse, and then came Prince Christian, the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont (father of the widowed Duchess), the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Francis of Teck, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the young Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. All, with the exception of two of the younger Princes, wore full military uniforms with decorations. The procession was closed by the suites of the Royal personages, in uniform.

The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Princess Frederica of Hanover, drove from the Castle to the Deanery, attended by Lord Bridport, Equerry in Waiting, and were conducted through the cloister by the Earl of Kenmare, Lord Chamberlain, and by the Dean of Windsor, to their seats in the Chapel.

The interior of St. George's Chapel was prepared for the occasion by screening off a broad way for the funeral procession up the nave, draped at the sides with black cloth, and similarly carpeted; the floor of the choir, the cushioned stalls of the Knights of the Garter, and the Altar, were also covered with black cloth. Six oak chairs, cushioned with black, were placed close to the steps of the Communion Table on the north side, directly under the Royal closet, for the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and other Princesses of the Royal Family. The gold-plate Communion service of the chapel was displayed on the altar; large branches of palm from Kew-gardens were arranged behind; in front of the Communion Table and along the upper steps there was a beautiful display of wreaths, composed of the choicest flowers. Among these were the wreath with white and violet flowers in concentric circles, having in the centre the words—"In loving memory, from her Majesty the Queen," and a garland from the bridesmaids of the Duchess of Albany, of arum lilies, white roses, and violets. The upper row of stalls of the Knights of the Garter on the south side was occupied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was not robed, and took no part in the funeral service; the Bishop of Winchester, prelate of the Order of the Garter; the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Manchester, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Cross, and others. At the opposite side were the Duke of Westminster, Sir William Harcourt, Earl Granville, and the Marquis of Hartington, the remaining stalls being occupied by other distinguished persons, including the Corps Diplomatique, who wore military uniforms, but many of the others were attired in Court dress.

Her Majesty, attired in the deepest mourning, entered the chapel on the north side, and was conducted to her chair near the Communion Table. The Princess of Wales sat on one side of the Queen, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on the other. Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Princess Frederica of Hanover occupied the second row of chairs. When the Queen was seated, the Lord Chamberlain approached her Majesty, and handed to her a programme of the ceremonial. The strains of funeral music were heard outside: the procession had reached the west door of the chapel. Here it was met by the choir, the Canons, and the Dean of Windsor, who took their places next to the coronet of his late Royal Highness, and the procession advanced slowly up the nave. The voice of the Dean was heard reciting the opening sentences of the Burial Service. While the procession moved up the aisle Mr. Walter Parrate, the organist, played Chopin's prelude No. 4, in E minor, an air which was a special favourite of the late Duke. The bearers having placed the remains on the bier, which stood in the centre of the choir facing the altar, within a few yards of the chair occupied by her Majesty, the coronet and insignia were placed on the coffin. This was lowered to within a few inches of the floor of the chapel; over it was spread a large Union Jack in silk, completely concealing the opening of the vault below. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, stood at the head of the coffin, supported on the right by the Crown Prince of Germany, and on the left by the Grand Duke of Hesse. The supporters of the pall stood at each side of the coffin, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward at its foot. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince Christian, and other illustrious relatives of his late Royal Highness were grouped around in the centre of the choir. While the procession was passing her Majesty stood, but resumed her seat when the Seaforth Highlanders had placed the coffin on the bier, and remained seated until her departure. The Dean of Windsor stood at the head of the altar steps, with the Canons, Lord Wriothesley Russell, the Hon. Canon Courtenay, Canon Boyd Carpenter, and the Rev. C. H. Travers, representing Canon Anson, who is detained abroad. The minor Canons present were the Rev. R. Tahourdin, the Rev. G. Edwards, the Rev. J. S. Sheppard, and the Rev. S. K. Tahourdin. The choir sang the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," to the tune of St. Anne's, and the Dean then proceeded to read the first part of the Burial Service. The whole of the service was, at the desire of the Queen, read, and not intoned. Spohr's anthem, "Blessed are the Departed," from his oratorio of the "Last Judgment," having been sung, the coffin was lowered into the vault, the Queen retiring just before this was done. Mr. Walter Campbell, of Blytheswood, one of the supporters of the pall, cast ashes on the coffin. At the close of the service the hymn "Lead, kindly light," words by Cardinal Newman, was sung by the choir. Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, proclaimed the titles of his late Royal Highness. The coffin, when finally lowered, was placed at the end of the raised slab in the centre of the vault, next to the remains of the late King of Hanover, near to which lies the infant child of his daughter, Princess Frederica. The ceremony having concluded, the Royal per-

sonages were conducted from the chapel, while Chopin's Funeral March was played on the organ. Luncheon was afterwards served in the Waterloo Gallery to the invited guests, who returned by special train to London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the other members of the Royal family stayed with her Majesty.

Funeral sermons referring to the Duke of Albany were preached on Sunday at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and many other churches.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Duchess of Albany at Claremont on Monday, which was the birthday of the lamented Prince. It is understood that her Majesty will leave Windsor for Germany on Monday next. The Duke of Albany has left a will, of which Lord Brooke and Mr. R. G. Collins are the executors, bequeathing his personal property, valued at £20,000, to the Duchess of Albany.

Our illustrations of the room at the Villa Nevada, Cannes, and of the arrangements there upon the removal of the body of his Royal Highness, are from photographs by M. Numa Blanc, of Cannes, copies of which were sent to the Queen and the members of the Royal Family.

MUSIC.

The Monday Popular Concerts, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith, have terminated their twenty-sixth season. The programme of last Saturday afternoon was rendered partially commemorative of the centenary of Spohr's birthday by the performance of a string quartet, a song, and an extract from one of the duets for two violins, this last having been played by Herr Joachim and Herr Straus. These gentlemen, Mr. Ries, and Signor Piatti, formed the string quartet party, as again on Monday evening; Madame Schumann's fine pianoforte playing—in solo and concerted pieces—having been special features on both occasions. At Monday's concert Miss Zimmerman also appeared as pianist; and Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim gave a fine rendering of Bach's concerto for two violins. Miss C. Elliot was the vocalist on Saturday, and Mr. Santley on Monday. The next season will begin on October 27.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are near the end of their twenty-eighth season, only two more performances remaining to be given, supplemented by the usual benefit concert of the conductor, Mr. Manns, which is fixed for April 26. Last Saturday's concert was rendered entirely tributary to Spohr, the date having been the centenary of his birth. The selection from the works of the great composer comprised his grandest symphony—that entitled "The Consecration of Sound"—and his favourite violin concerto—No. 8, "In modo di scena cantante." The selection might have been made more representative of Spohr's varied powers, especially as a composer of sacred music, of which no example was given.

The Sacred Harmonic Society repeated "The Redemption" at the concert of yesterday (Friday) week, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé. The music again produced a powerful impression; its choral details and the elaborate orchestral colouring having been finely rendered. The solo vocalists were Misses C. Elliott and Hancock, Mrs. Suter, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Burgon. Mr. Charles Hallé conducted the performance. The Dead March in "Saul" was played before the oratorio, in remembrance of the late Duke of Albany—the solemn effect having been enhanced by the mourning drapery surrounding the organ and the conductor's desk.

The concert given by the pupils of Madame Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy at Steinway Hall, last week, gave good proofs of the value of the instruction afforded by the institution. A varied selection of music for female voices—solo and choral—was effectively rendered; Mr. Leipold officiating as pianoforte accompanist, and M. Sainton as conductor.

Good Friday is to be musically solemnised by a performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, a sacred concert at the Crystal Palace, and a selection entitled "Gems from the Oratorios," at St. James's Hall.

On Easter Monday Mr. Carl Rosa will begin a new London season of performances of opera in English, at Drury Lane Theatre, with Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." The season will last only for a month, but will offer much variety and interest during its brief continuance, the performances being given every night in the week. During the first week, "Carmen," "Colomba," "Mignon," and other familiar operas will be repeated. In the following week Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" will probably be given, with important modifications and additions by the composer. This opera, it will be remembered, like Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba," was produced during Mr. Carl Rosa's season at Drury Lane Theatre last year, since when they have been performed, with similar success, in Germany. An important feature during the coming series will be the production of Mr. C. V. Stanford's new opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," composed expressly for Mr. Rosa's company. Madame Marie Rozé and Mr. Maas are among the engagements, which also include the reappearance of many other established favourites. A fine orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as leading and solo violinist, and an efficient chorus, will again be important features of the scheme.

A National Holiday Festival Concert will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Easter Monday.

The Committee of the Leeds Musical Festival have negotiated with Herr Anton Dvorák, the celebrated Bohemian composer, for the production of a new work at the festival of 1886, and arrangements have now been made whereby he will compose an oratorio, the performance of which he will conduct.

The Right Rev. Dr. Hills has resigned the bishopric of British Columbia.

The Ven. Archdeacon Fearon, of Leicester, has issued a letter to his clergy intimating his intention of resigning the archdeaconry, owing to advanced age.

The report of the special Guildhall improvement committee relative to the erection of the new council-chamber, and recommending that £8000 be devoted to furniture, fittings, &c., has been adopted by the Common Council.

Beaconsfield Mansion, near Plymouth, has been bought by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Basil for £10,000, for the purpose of establishing the College of St. Mary Immaculate, for the higher education of students for ecclesiastical, military, civil, and commercial positions.

A largely-attended meeting of the gentlemen interested in the celebrated Quorn Hunt was held at Leicester last Saturday for the purpose of electing a master, in succession to Mr. Coupland. Sir F. T. Fowke presided, and Lord Manners was elected to the mastership. Mr. Arthur H. Wood, of Froyle Park, Alton, will succeed Mr. H. W. Deacon in the mastership of the Hampshire Hounds.

From a list of twenty-two candidates, the Rev. J. H. Matthews, of Wellington College, Wokingham, Berks, has been appointed Head Master of Leeds Grammar School, in succession to Dr. Henderson, who has been appointed Dean of Carlisle.—The Rev. J. M. Marshall, M.A., Second Master of Dulwich College, has been elected Head Master of Durham School.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Thursday, the Third inst., Salvini—it was his benefit night—appeared in “Hamlet.” He played it when he was in England in 1875; nor do his present conception and treatment of the character materially differ from his Hamlet in the past. It is a very fine performance throughout, marked by many beauties, and, in parts, rising to true grandeur; but whether, to use the conveniently “pat” phrase, Salvini’s is “Shakspeare’s Hamlet,” is quite another matter for consideration. Are we quite certain as to the precise kind of character Shakspeare intended to draw when he found the Danish Prince in “The Hystorie of Hamblet” in an English translation of a French novel by Belleforest, who had, in his turn, adapted the story of Hamlet, or Amleth, from the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus? There are even those who surmise that there was a play of “Hamlet” anterior to Shakspeare’s immortal tragedy; and that it was from the earlier play, and not from the translation of Belleforest that he borrowed his materials. Touching the intellectual conception of the part, it may be said broadly that there has been as many different minds on the subject as there have been distinguished critics of the play. It was the opinion of Coleridge that the most prominent psychological characteristic in Hamlet is “an enormous intellectual activity and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility and procrastinates from thought and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve.” This is the metaphysician’s view, and an admirable one. Schlegel very judiciously treats the tragedy as “an enigmatical work resembling those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Schlegel’s estimate of the personal character of Hamlet is not so favourable as that taken by Goethe. “He is not solely impelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation; he has a natural inclination for crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; and his far-fetched scruples are all often mere pretences to cover his want of determination. . . . He has no firm belief in himself or in anyone else; from expressions of religious confidence, he passes to religious doubts; he believes in the ghost of his father as long as he sees it, but so soon as it has disappeared it appears almost in the light of a deception. He is so utterly incapable of adopting any fixed conviction of any kind whatever, that in one soliloquy he speaks of Death as ‘a bourne from which no traveller returns,’ while he has already met a returned traveller in the shape of the Ghost.” Goethe likens Hamlet’s moral nature to an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom. The roots expand and the jar is shattered. Finally, Hazlitt, in a criticism of singular strength, maintains that “it is we who are Hamlet;” that the play “has a prophetic truth which is above that of history;” and that whoever is moody and sorrowful and desponding and hopeless—“whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought—he to whom the universe seems infinite and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences and who goes to a play as his last resource to stave off to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.” It has been lately held by a French art-critic of very advanced views that there never was an individual sculptor by the name of Phidias, which was only the conventional term for the Athenian Board of Works. Similarly, Hazlitt seemed to consider that not so much an individual young Danish Prince, who had seen a ghost and had his father’s murder to avenge, as the entirety of sorrow-stricken and pensive humanity, was Hamlet. It may, however, I presume, be conceded that what may be called “Hamletism” can find different forms of mental expression. One mood of Hamlet’s mind, as we see it unfolded in Shakspeare, may have interpreted one side of the poet’s own character; but another form of “Hamletism” finds expression in the Greek tragedians, another in Lucretius, another in Byron, another in Shelley. And, looking at the fact that Hamlet had a very strong sense of humour, we may, if we act on Hazlitt’s principle, find many traces of “Hamletism” in Montaigne, in Burton, in Swift (very many in Swift), and in Thackeray.

Salvini does not give us a philosophic rendering of the enigmatical Prince, who, to Hazlitt, was anything but an enigma. The great Italian tragedian seems to have chiefly borne in mind three things—the princely rank of his hero, his passionate love for his parents, and his generally tender, amiable, and compassionate nature. Those who expected to see in Salvini a coldly didactic, a loftily meditative, or a fiery and turgid Hamlet, must have been bitterly disappointed. At the end of the play scene Henry Irving works himself into a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. He rushes to the dais, from which the guilty King and his astounded spouse have hastily retreated. He waves his cap. He shouts with exultation. Salvini’s emotional display when his scheme of catching the conscience of the King has succeeded differs *toto calo* from that of Irving. Salvini only throws himself into the arms of Horatio. Thus, too, in the scenes with the Ghost, the Italian artist exhibits more of soft and submissive love for the father whose shade he thinks that he beholds than awe-stricken amazement at a supernatural visitation and horror at the terrible revelation which the spectre is making. In the closet scene, too, he is more effective in the passages in which he shows the deep love which he still entertains for the Queen than in the speeches in which he reproaches her for her errors. In his scenes with Ophelia (into whose grave he ultimately does not leap) Salvini is at his best—full of tenderness and grace. His demeanour towards the players is likewise eminently princely—gracious, kindly, and condescending. His advice to the players is also very excellent; and if his philosophical soliloquies seem to the audience rambling and disjointed in their delivery, his best excuse may be that Hamlet was himself somewhat of a rambling and disjointed personage, who possibly thought very much as he acted. As usual, Salvini—who was greeted with avalanches of bouquets—was tolerably, but only tolerably, supported. Signor Pasta, who played the Ghost, seems to have a good “stomach” voice; but a “chest voice” would perhaps have been preferable; and as he spoke “up” the stage, instead of to the audience, little more of his communications were heard beyond vague rumblings, like the passage very far off of a train of artillery.

G. A. S.

Mr. James J. Allport, who was for many years general manager of the Midland Railway, has been knighted.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, according to the latest arrangements, will leave Windsor Castle next Monday for Darmstadt, to attend the marriage of Princess Victoria of Hesse and Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The German Crown Prince and suite left Victoria Station at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday for Berlin, via Queenborough and Flushing. His Royal Highness was received at the station by Prince Christian, Earl Sydney, Count Münster, Sir John McNeill, General Du Plat, Major Eliot, Mr. M. Harris, manager of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and several other gentlemen.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word “Chess” written on the envelope.

G.T.P. (Navenby).—You can re-examine No. 2088 with confidence; it is quite correct.

A.H.M. (Norwich).—All problems in which the Queen and two minor pieces are employed in the attack are necessarily similar in the mating positions, but should not be so in the combinations leading thereto.

J.H. (Westminster).—Your solution of No. 2086 is correct.

AMATEUR.—You can claim a Queen for every Pawn advanced to the eighth square, no matter how many other Queens you may have on the board at the time.

E.B. (Oxford).—Your solutions of Nos. 2051 and 2068 are correct; the others are wrong.

J.M. (Bew).—Capturing an adverse piece is always optional, except when necessary to avoid stalemate, then it is what is called a forced move.

C.F.S. (St. John’s, N.B.).—We should have had pleasure in complying with your request, but it comes a day after the fair. Your letter arrived here on April 3, and your lists closed on March 31.

H.M.P. (Paddington).—It is marked for insertion.

W.H.W. (Blackheath).—Thanks; we shall endeavour to find space for your reminiscence of the late Mr. Wisker in an early Number.

J.G. (Lichfield).—We are glad to hear from an old-time contributor, but problems in three moves solved by a discovered check on the first move are not in favour now.

E.N.F.—Your change of address is noted, and for the problem accept our cordia thanks.

J.D.D. (Hodnet).—Altogether too elementary for our readers.

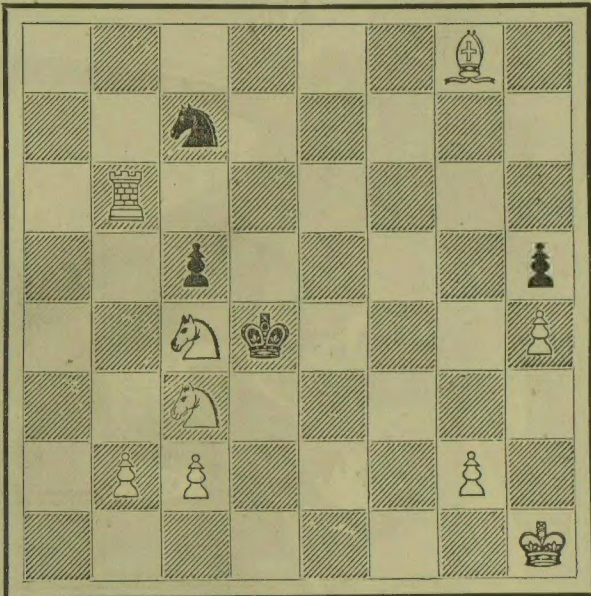
FLUELA (Stoke Newington).—The Chess Monthly is published by James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from K. Templar and J.H. Shaw.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2086 received from Fluela, G.O. Baxter, Pierce Jones, John Hut, and W.J. Haslam; of No. 2087 from Jumbo, G.R. Baxter (Dundee), George J. Yule, Pierce Jones, John Gwynne, Scamp, G. Sherrard, P.B. (Stroud), C.B.N. (H.M.S. Asia), E.C.H. (Worthing), D.W. (Udney), Lardner (Bognor), Fluela, J.A. Fletcher, and G.O. Baxter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2088 received from H.B. Shadforth, L. Desanges, J.T.W. Dr. St. Brandreth, J.R. (Edinburgh), Rev. W. Anderson, A.H. Mann, Carl Friedleben, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Jumbo, Emmo (Darlington), G.W. Law, Ben Nevill, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Pierce Jones, H. Wardell, F. Ferris, O. Casella (Paris), Scamp, T.G. (Ware), Camilla (York), Otto Fuldner (Ghent), H.K. Awdry, L.L. Greenaway, L. Falcon (Antwerp), T. Greenbank, Jupiter Junior, E. Featherstone, W. Hillier, T.H. Holdron, C.W. Milsom, H. Lucas, G.S. Oldfield, L. Wyman, R. Robinson, W.J. Haslam, Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), R. Gray, W.D. Easton, R.H. Brooks, E. Loudon, R. Waters, Mary Imatius, F. and G. Howett, Alpha, N.S. Harris, J.G. Anstee, A. Wignmore, James Pilkington, W.J. Rudman, R.J. Vines, G. Sherrard, Norfolk Dimpling, Fluela, J.H. Tamisier, W.F.R. (Swansea), E.E.H. Aaron Harper, R.L. Southwell, H.H. Noyes, W. Dewse, M.O. Halloran, D.W. Kell, Mrs. Monckton, G.F. Monckton, H. Stebbing, S. Farrant, A.C. Hunt, C. Darragh, E. Elsbury, and L. Karberg (Hamburg).

PROBLEM No. 2090.
By JAN DETINA (Palacek).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

AN END GAME BY HARRWITZ.
White: K at K R sq, Q at Q sq, R's at K B sq and K K 6th, B at K 5th; Pawns at K R 2nd, K K 4th, Q 4th, and Q R 2nd. (Nine pieces.)
Black: K at K R sq, Q at Q R 3rd, R's at Q K sq and Q 6th, K's at Q Kt 2nd and Q 2nd, B at Q 2nd; Pawns at K R 3rd, K Kt 2nd and 4th, K 2nd and 4th, Q 4th, Q B 3rd, and Q R 2nd. (Fifteen pieces.)
White to play, and win.

The following is the solution:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R takes Kt P	R takes Q (best)	10. R to K R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
2. R takes K P (ch)	K to Kt sq	11. R to K Kt 8th	K to R 2nd
3. R to K Kt 7th	K to R sq		
		12. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq
4. R takes B (ch)	K to Kt sq	13. R takes Kt P (ch)	K to R 2nd
5. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq	14. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq
6. R takes Kt (ch)	K to Kt sq	15. R takes Q R P	K to Kt sq
7. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R sq		
8. R takes Kt (ch)	K to Kt sq	16. R takes Q	R takes R (ch)
9. R takes R (ch)	K to R 2nd	17. K to Kt 2nd,	

and White wins.

Last week was a busy one for the amateurs of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In a practice match against the third class of the City of London Club, Cambridge scored 4½ points out of a possible 11, and a similar encounter between the Oxford champions and the fourth class of the same club resulted in a tie, each side scoring four games. The annual competition between the two Universities, twelfth of the series, was played on the 3rd instant at the rooms of the St. George's Club, Albemarle-street. There were seven competitors on each side, and ten games were contested, of which Cambridge scored 5½ and Oxford 4½. The following is the pairing of the players and their respective scores:—

OXFORD.				CAMBRIDGE.			
C. D. Lacock	1	F. Moseley	0
G. E. Wainwright	0	G. Kuchler	1
J. M. Walker	0½	E. L. Raymond	0½
F. Tracey	0½	Rev. W. P. Buncombe	0½
H. Seward	0½	H. W. Sherrard	1½
W. A. Shearer	1	J. T. Gibson	0
R. W. Barnett	1	E. Gwinner	1
			4½				5½

This is the eighth victory for Cambridge; of the other four matches Oxford won three and one was drawn.

The Winter Tournament of the City of London Chess Club is approaching its termination. The first prize has been won by Mr. H. D. Woolley, of the sixth class; Messrs. Hoppell and Hooke, both of the third class, have tied for second and third prizes; Mr. James Frankland has carried off the fourth; Mr. E. Hambruger, the fifth; Messrs. Bussey and E. A. Coombe have tied for the sixth and seventh; Mr. E. Wyse won the eighth; and Mr. G. H. Rooke, the ninth. The tenth prize is awarded to the executors of the late Mr. Henry Lee, who, at the time of his death, had won every game he had played in the tourney. Mr. Lewis's special prize of five guineas for the most brilliant game played in the competition has not yet been awarded.

The spring tournament of one hundred competitors at the City Club is making good progress, and attracts many spectators to the club-rooms on the nights of play.

Two matches were played by the Athenæum Club during the last week of March. On March 22 the second team of the club engaged the St. John's Club, seven players a side, and carried the victory by five games to two; but the first class was defeated on the 27th by the Ludgate-circus Club, eleven players a side, by 6½ to 4½.

Messrs. Deane and Son, of Dublin, have been informed that their designs for the new Irish Science and Art Museum and National Library have been selected. Over fifty architects competed. The building will cost over £109,000, and will be commenced soon.

In March 17,849 emigrants of British origin left this kingdom, being fewer by 2877 than those who left in March, 1883. During the first three months of the present year 37,271 British emigrants left our shores, being 7645 fewer than the number in the similar period of last year.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Monday, April 7.

The principal event of the political week has been the adoption by the Chamber of Deputies of M. Floquet's amendment relative to the municipal elections of Paris and the rejection of the same by the Senate. Hitherto the municipal councillors have been elected by scrutin de liste, four for each arrondissement, a system which gave the Conservatives chances of success, certain arrondissements having Conservative majorities. M. Floquet proposed to divide Paris into four sections, electing one councillor for every 5000 electors, and by scrutin de liste. By M. Floquet's system the Conservative minority would be utterly swamped, and in each of the four sections the ultra-Radicals would triumph, and even the Moderate Republicans would have no show. In reality, the new organisation would be a Communal victory. The Floquet amendment, voted by the Chamber by 314 against 181, was rejected by the Senate, which body is once more being strongly criticised by the Radicals. In the course of the present week we shall see whether the question will lead to a conflict between the two legislative bodies, or whether, as seems more probable, a compromise will be arrived at.

Gounod has been the hero of the week. On Wednesday the famous composer's new arrangement of “Sapho” was performed for the first time at the Opera, and on Thursday the sacred trilogy “La Rédemption” was executed at the Trocadéro at the first concert of the newly-formed Union Internationale des Compositeurs. On both occasions Gounod conducted the orchestra, and on both occasions he was most enthusiastically applauded, although perhaps the applause was addressed more to the illustrious personality of the composer than to the music that was performed. In their heart of hearts the critics and the public found “La Rédemption” fatiguing and tiresome to listen to, monotonous, and too severe for Parisian ears. “Sapho” is a new arrangement, in four acts, of the opera, originally in three acts, produced at the Opera in 1851, without success, reduced to two acts, and revived, likewise without success, in 1858. The work has now been recast; M. Emile Augier has lengthened the libretto, and the composer has added eighteen new morceaux to the score. The libretto, however, remains undramatic and wanting in interest and character; and, to show how thankless has been Gounod's task in working over his score, the parts most applauded continue to be certain parts of the original score, the processional march of the first act, the shepherd's song, and the final stanzas sung by Sapho. The piece is magnificently mounted at the Opera. The dresses and scenery are charming, and the interpretation is excellent—the principal artistes being Mdlles. Krauss and Richard and M. Dereins; but, in spite of this, and in spite of the beauty of many details in the music, the new version of “Sapho” is hardly likely to meet with greater success than the versions of 1851 and 1858. Gounod's glory is, however, sufficiently great and sufficiently solid to support this check. Few composers have the courage to imitate Rossini, and cease producing at the age of thirty-six.

The Greeks in Paris celebrated the anniversary of Hellenic independence at a banquet at the Hôtel Continental last night. M. Kenan, who was present, drank to the eternal friendship of France and Greece, and begged his hearers to love France even in her errors. “France,” he said, “has often been imprudent in her initiatives: she has always been generous.”—The Anzin miners' strike, which has hitherto remained peaceful and orderly, has been marked by serious violence during the past few days, and several detachments of infantry and cavalry have been sent to protect the working miners against the strikers. The soldiery has been stoned by the mob, and the mob charged by the soldiery, and the situation has altogether become graver than ever.—To those interested in the anecdotic history of France, I recommend some curious and documentary souvenirs of the Second Empire, entitled “La Cour Impériale à Compiègne,” by Sylvanecte (1 vol., Charpentier). The same publisher has just issued the ninth yearly volume of “Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique,” by MM. Noël and Stoullig, an admirable record of the French stage.

T. C.

The Emperor William has sent General Count von Lehnndorf to Wiesbaden to greet the Empress of Austria in his name. The Empress of Austria has returned to Vienna from Hungary. Two exhibitions have been opened at Vienna—the Ornithological Exhibition, in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, and the Fat Cattle Show, in St. Mark's Market. “Soon after the opening of the former the Crown Prince and Princess, wearing mourning for the Duke of Albany, arrived to inspect it. They examined the entire exhibition. On the 3rd inst. the International Congress of Polar explorers was opened.

The Emperor of Russia was present on Sunday at the celebration of the religious and military festivity given at St. Petersburg in honour of the Horse Guards.

The editor of a comic journal at Madrid has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for the publication several months ago of a caricature considered to be offensive to the King.

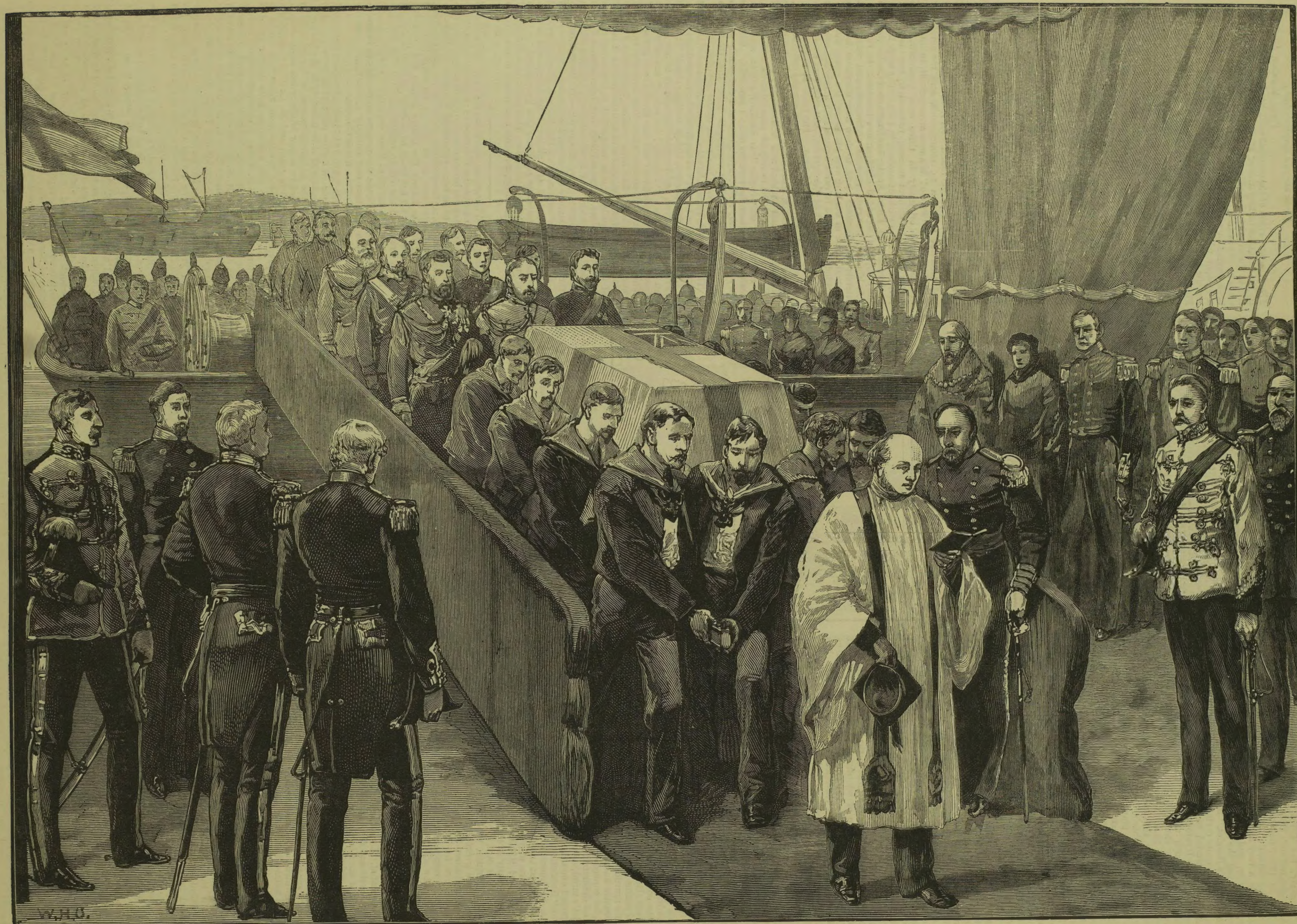
In consequence of the judgment passed by the Norwegian Rigsret upon the Ministers, a new Ministry has been formed. Councillor of State Schweigaard and M. Carl Lövenskjold, a landed proprietor, become Ministers of State, the latter to reside at Stockholm. The following have been appointed Councillors of State:—M. Bang, Lieutenant-Colonel Dahll, Professor Aubert, Professor E. Hertzberg, and M. Reimers. Admiral Johansen and M. N. Hertzberg retain for the present the offices they respectively held in the former Ministry—viz., the departments of Marine and Public Instruction.

Signor Biancheri, the Ministerial candidate, was on Monday elected President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. He obtained 239 votes, while 136 were given to Signor Cairoli, the candidate put forward by the Opposition.

Last Sunday the anniversary of Greek independence was celebrated at Athens, on a scale of unprecedented splendour. The King opened the Exhibition of Relics of the War of Independence.

The United States' Senate on Monday passed the Education Bill, appropriating a sum of 77,000,000 dol., to be distributed among the various States of the Union in proportion to the illiteracy of each, as shown by the census of 1880. The payment will extend over a period of eight years.—Terrible cyclones are reported from some of the Western States of North America. In Tennessee a railway train was blown into a ditch, two persons being killed. Whole forests have been uprooted. It is believed that thirty persons have been killed and more than 100 injured.—In Alabama a baby was carried some miles by the force of the wind, but escaped unhurt.—Twenty-five persons were hurt, six seriously, one of whom has since died, by a train running off the rails in Texas.

At Saffron Walden church, on Sunday last, Mr. John T. Frye officiated as organist for the last time, after serving in that capacity for sixty-four years. He was appointed organist to this, one of the largest parish churches in the kingdom, at Easter, 1820, being then only eight years of age.

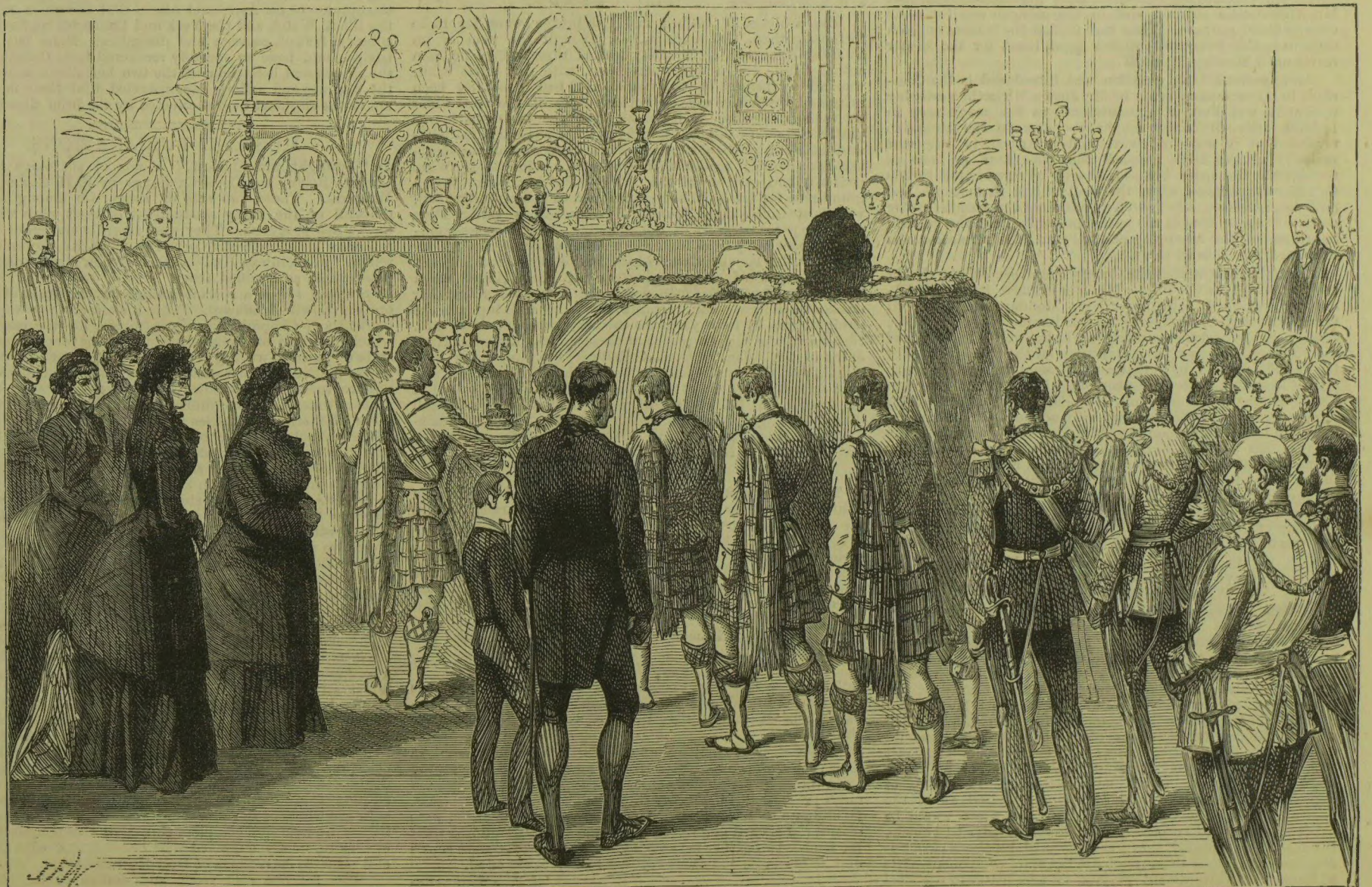


FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY:—LANDING THE BODY FROM THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE AT PORTSMOUTH.

F U N E R A L O F T H E D U K E O F A L B A N Y .



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UP CASTLE-HILL, WINDSOR.



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS BEARING THE BODY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The first resting-place in the Session has been reached; and Easter finds but two of the great measures promised in the Queen's Speech fairly before the country—the County Franchise Bill, read the second time by a majority unexpectedly large on Monday; and the London Municipality Bill, first presented to the House of Commons on Tuesday, the day of the adjournment for the vacation. Mr. Childers has yet to deliver his Budget. Mr. Chamberlain's Ship Insurance Bill has not been laid before the House. The grave questions of Local Taxation and County Government have likewise still to be grappled with—if the Ministerial programme is to be fulfilled to the letter, which is seldom the case.

The Prime Minister, at the sitting of the House on Thursday week, surprised the House and astonished Sir Stafford Northcote by the vehemence of his eloquent remonstrance against the tactics of the Opposition. A familiar course had been adopted by the right hon. Baronet. Dissatisfied with the declaration by Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington that there was no intention to send material help to General Gordon at Khartoum, Sir Stafford Northcote moved the adjournment, in order to pour into the Treasury Bench a mild fusillade of complaints as to the irreconcilable nature of our proceedings in the Sudan. This gave Mr. Gladstone his opportunity. In his most animated and earnest manner, the Premier inveighed against this habit of constantly re-debating the Egyptian question. Seventeen nights, he said, had been spent on this exhaustless topic. This endless reiteration, he complained, neither tended to the solution of the question nor to the advantage of the country. Mr. Gladstone has rarely, if ever, surpassed this remarkable philippic for energy or earnestness. It had the desired effect of crushing out another prolonged debate on Egypt. But the answer soon came—from "another place."

Upon the Marquis of Salisbury did it devolve on the morrow to deliver the most effective reply to what he was pleased to call the "reckless and stormy invective" of the Prime Minister. "If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's counsel," saith the legal proverb. But the sarcastic leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords preferred to dismiss Mr. Gladstone's brilliant speech as "the hollow device by which the poverty of your counsels is concealed." It was the Earl of Hardwicke's plea for an expedition to relieve General Gordon that occasioned this skirmish in the Upper House. Albeit Earl Granville, cool and airy as ever, had assured the noble Earl that the Government had received from General Gordon no demand for troops to be sent to Khartoum, adding that what communications had been received from him were "reassuring as to his position in that place," the Foreign Secretary was induced by a soldier-like question from Lord Napier of Magdala to further admit that "there is hardly any question connected with the Sudan and the military operations on which the Secretary of State for War has not communicated constantly with the military authorities." It was thereupon that the Marquis of Salisbury smote the noble Earl hip and thigh for the Ministerial irresolution that left General Gordon to his fate. His Lordship's characteristic words were: "Hopeless divisions paralyse their decisions; British lives are sacrificed to their irresolution; and they trust to bluster to conceal their folly." After these hard words, one consolation was reserved for Lord Granville. The noble Earl fired a parting shot of the graceful badinage of which he is master at Lord Stratheden and Campbell, who had not recovered from the hallucination that Mr. Gladstone's autumn visit to Copenhagen was for some deep political purpose. Thus was it that the leaders on both sides were able to separate with a light heart for the Easter recess until Monday, April 21.

An important Irish question was introduced to the Commons in an exemplary spirit by Mr. Justin M'Carthy yesterday week. It was that of appointments to the magistracy in Ireland. Mr. M'Carthy sought to persuade the House to resolve that it was "offensive and injurious to the vast majority of the Irish people" that the four millions of Catholics in the sister isle should only be represented by 869 Catholic magistrates when the one million Protestants had 3359 magistrates. Mr. Trevelyan admitted the unsatisfactory nature of the system in the past, but pointed out the gradual improvement that was being effected; and the resolution was negatived by 106 to 59 votes.

Inevitable was it that the County Franchise debate should be "languid," as the Prime Minister termed it in his admirably reasoned summing-up on Monday night. Well thrashed though the subject was, this luminous speech of Mr. Gladstone was nevertheless welcome to the well-filled ranks of the Ministerialists as a fresh indication of the thoroughness of the benefit derived by him from his semi-rest in his rustic retreat in Surrey. Replying copiously in a crowded House to the objections to the measure, Mr. Gladstone justified afresh the enfranchisement of the large body of county householders. He could not prevail upon the timid Mr. Goschen to make the plunge. Sir Stafford Northcote, repeating the cry of "No Franchise without Redistribution," made a final stand against the bill; but was replied to by Sir Henry James; and, amid much cheering from the Ministerial benches, the amendment of Lord John Manners was negatived by the considerable majority of 130—340 against 210—and the County Franchise Bill was at last read the second time.

One of those personal questions which periodically enliven if they do not elevate Parliamentary proceedings delayed Sir William Harcourt's studiously conciliatory exposition of the London Municipality Bill on Wednesday. Stripped of its historical retrospect, the Home Secretary's speech amounted to a broad and sweeping proposition that the powers of the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works and the existing vestries should be merged in one grand Municipal Body of 240 Councillors, to be elected triennially, a Lord Mayor and Deputy Lord Mayor to be chosen by them every year. The existing Magisterial functions of the City Aldermen would be discharged by Stipendiaries; but Sir William Harcourt offered living Aldermen the cold comfort that as much dignity and honour would be attached to the office of Councillors under the new Municipal Council as to the present titles of the City Fathers. Finally, there would be subordinate to the Central Council a circle of District Councils, the area to be adopted being that defined by the Metropolitan Management Act of 1855. Such are the chief component parts of the pill the Government propose to administer to the local authorities of London.

The sale of the Dent collection of old engravings was concluded yesterday week by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, the whole collection realising £9100.

The steamer Texan, of 2135 tons, Captain Woolcott, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 5th inst. with 584 emigrants.—Sir Saul Samuel has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamship Cambodia, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in February last.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

For some reason or another the public did not take very kindly to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race this year, and, at the finish, everything seemed to conspire to make it a complete "frost." The postponement, which was so unhappily necessitated, doubtless prevented thousands of people from being present, then a miserably wet morning kept a great many more away, and, ultimately, the battle was fought out to "a beggarly array of empty benches." Under happier surroundings there would doubtless have been an unusually large attendance, for, contrary to the general rule, great doubt was felt as to the issue. A fortnight ago it looked any odds on Oxford, but for more than a week before the race the dark blue representatives palpably deteriorated every time they appeared on the river, and it was evident that they had fallen into the old Oxford error, and were thoroughly over-trained. The Cambridge men, on the other hand, progressed in really wonderful fashion. Individual faults were carefully eradicated, and their last few rows showed them to be a crew well worthy of representing their University, though scarcely up to the standard of some of their predecessors. Both eights were manned with commendable punctuality, and the race begun at 11.54 a.m. The start was as good as it could possibly be, and, to our mind, Oxford showed slightly in front, though opinions were considerably divided on this point. In any case they did not retain their advantage for more than the first half-dozen strokes, and, at the top of the Concrete Wall, the Cambridge boat was almost clear. From this point to Hammersmith Bridge the struggle was wonderfully exciting, and was rendered still more so by the exceedingly bad steering of the Cambridge coxswain, who must have lost something like a couple of lengths by erratic watermanship. The form of the Oxonians had become very shaky by this time, Curry scarcely covered the blade of his oar at each stroke, a fault which he exhibited strongly throughout the practice, and already there was one "passenger," if not two, in the boat. Still, by dint of incessant spurts, the Dark Blues managed to prevent their opponents from getting further away from them; and, when Hammersmith Bridge was reached (time 7 min. 29 sec.), Cambridge had an advantage of a little over a length. For nearly a mile beyond that point the struggle was a very determined one; but, at the top of Chiswick Eyot, the Oxonians made a final effort to turn the fortunes of the day, and, as this was unsuccessful, and their boat was immediately afterwards half filled with water by a Conservancy tug, they were only spectators for the rest of the journey, the Cantabs finally padding past the winning-post nearly three lengths in front, in the capital time of 21 min. 39 sec. We append names and weights:—

CAMBRIDGE.			
	st. lb.		st. lb.
R. G. Gridley, Third Trinity (bow) ...	10 6	G. E. W. Haig, Third Trinity ...	11 6½
G. H. Eyre, Corpus ...	11 3½	C. W. Moore, Christ's ...	11 12½
F. Straker, Jesus ...	12 2	F. J. Pitman, Third Trinity (stroke) ...	11 11½
S. Swann, Trinity Hall ...	13 3½	C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, Jesus (cox.) ...	8 2
F. E. Churchill, Third Trinity ...	13 2½		
OXFORD.			
	st. lb.		st. lb.
A. G. Shortt, Christ Church (bow) ...	11 2	G. A. R. Paterson, Trinity ...	13 4
L. Stock, Exeter ...	11 0	C. W. Blandy, Exeter ...	10 13
C. R. Carter, Corpus ...	12 10	W. D. B. Curry, Exeter (stroke) ...	10 4
P. W. Taylor, Lincoln ...	13 1	F. J. Humphreys, Brasenose (cox.) ...	7 13
D. H. M'Lean, New ...	12 11½		

The athletes of Oxford and Cambridge were far more fortunate than the oarsmen, as, though the weather on Tuesday afternoon occasionally looked threatening, no rain actually fell, and a warm afternoon, with very little wind, was all in favour of fast time. It had generally been imagined, from the various performances of the rival blues at their respective Universities, that the odd event was pretty certain to fall to Cambridge; but some capital trials accomplished by the Oxonians within a few days of the meeting considerably modified this opinion. After J. H. Ware (Oxford) had carried off the Weight-Putting, there was a grand race for the 100 Yards, which fell to L. Carter (Oxford), who beat C. H. Lowe (Cambridge) by half a yard. Then came the great surprise of the meeting. The Mile was universally looked upon as little more than an exercise canter for W. M. D. La Touche (Cambridge), and it was the final blow to the hopes of the supporters of Cambridge when G. E. H. Pratt (Oxford) suddenly developed altogether unsuspected form, and, coming away at the top of the straight, won by four yards in the very fast time of 4 min. 26 4-5 sec., the best on record at these sports. A capital High Jump of 5 ft. 10 in. by G. L. Colbourne, the Cambridge President, was the first event scored by the Light Blues; and then a really magnificent struggle for the Quarter ended in favour of M. H. Paine (Oxford), who defeated H. C. L. Tindall (Cambridge) by a couple of feet in 51 1-5 sec. The Hammer-Throwing, which also went to Oxford, decided the odd event, and the senior University finally won by six to three.

The postponement of the opening meeting of the London Athletic Club from Saturday until Monday naturally affected the attendance very seriously. Still, there was a fair muster of spectators, and those present were rewarded by witnessing perhaps the very best of all the wonderful performances accomplished by W. G. George. Starting from scratch, he won the Ten Miles Handicap by nearly half a mile, in the marvellous time of 51 min. 20 sec., which eclipses the best professional time (Deerfoot's) by six seconds, and, in addition to this, he raised all the amateur records from four miles and a quarter.

The following City Companies have contributed towards the extension fund of the Female School of Art in Bloomsbury—The Skinners, £105; the Clothworkers, £100; and the Drapers, £25.

The sanitary committee of the Port of London remark in their report on the increased trouble and responsibility falling upon their officers in connection with the supplies of imported meat preserved, whether by tinning or by freezing processes. In one case no fewer than 3388 frozen carcasses of sheep were discovered aboard one vessel in a condition unsound and unfit for food. In another case 2200 cases of tin meats were seized on like grounds, and other striking instances are cited.

Under the presidency of Mr. S. Buxton, M.P., a conference of Board-School managers was held last Saturday in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The report, which stated the objects of the committee of representative managers, was adopted. Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., said this committee, in conjunction with the London School Board, were doing all they could to establish and maintain a system of education for the children of the metropolis. Mr. Mundella, M.P., urged the importance of the work that these managers were undertaking, and observed that it is the one defect of the School Board system that it does not provide for managers. Reference was made to the Duke of Albany as one who, had he lived, would have taken his place in the front rank of educationists.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

General Sir Gerald Graham, late commanding the British military expedition to the Red Sea coast of the Sudan, arrived in Cairo last Monday. All the troops, except the battalion of the 60th Rifles, have either returned to Egypt, or are on their way home to England. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, arrived in London in the middle of last week. His Sketches of all the noteworthy incidents of the campaign, and more especially the two important battles of El Teb, on Feb. 29, and Tamasi, or Tamanieb, on March 13, are continued with a second Illustration of the last-mentioned engagement, which is presented for the Extra Supplement to this week's publication. It represents the gallant recapture of the Gatling and Gardner guns of the Naval Brigade, which had been abandoned, for a few minutes, in the falling back of the 2nd Brigade when the Arabs had broken into the square. In the rally and renewed advance of the 2nd Brigade, under command of Major-General Davis, it was re-formed with the Royal Marines on the right, the 65th (York and Lancaster Regiment) in the centre, and the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch) on the left, while the seamen of the Naval Brigade were in their rear. Every man had got a fresh supply of ammunition, about thirty rounds per man having been wasted in the first attack. The men were strictly forbidden to fire till the enemy should come well within range, and on this occasion they obeyed orders more faithfully. The Marines were thrown forward to gain the nearest edge of the nullah, while the Highlanders and the 65th advanced resolutely step by step. The Bluejackets charged splendidly, retaking their guns in less than ten minutes, and the Arabs began to retreat. The order to cease firing then sounded and the brigade waited to form, after which they resumed the advance, the enemy giving way slowly and obstinately. The defeat of the Arabs in this part of the battlefield was completed by the cavalry, who, sweeping round the left flank, dismounted, and poured volley after volley into the retreating enemy. The 1st Brigade, under General Sir Redvers Buller, had kept its ground about three hundred yards to the right and rear of the 2nd Brigade, and had successfully repelled the fierce attack that was made upon it. The whole force then advanced to carry the second ridge, and descended upon the abandoned camp of Osman Digna, about half-past eleven o'clock. General Graham's official account of the battle, in the despatches recently published, explains how the square formed by the 2nd Division, at the beginning of the engagement, came to be broken. It appears that the Black Watch Highlanders, who formed part of the front face, advanced at a quick run, in their eagerness to get to close quarters with the enemy, who were firing down upon them from the edge of the deep ravine. This impetuosity on the part of the gallant Highlanders necessarily had the effect of loosening the formation of the square. The sides opened slightly here and there, and just then "a large body of natives, coming in one continuous stream, utterly regardless of all loss, charged with reckless determination." The result is well known; but it deserves to be placed on record that General Graham emphatically denies that there was any real panic among the men. They were surprised and disconcerted for the moment, as is always the case when a square gets broken; but they quickly tried to re-form, and "many brave men devoted themselves to certain death in noble efforts to maintain the honour of their regiments." In presence of the new light shed upon the engagement by this official description, we must agree with the opinion of Sir Archibald Alison that the quick rallying of the Black Watch and the York and Lancaster regiment was a splendid feat of courage and discipline. None but the best troops could have so speedily recovered from the shock; and the subsequent behaviour of the two battalions, as well as of the Marines and sailors, demonstrated that their morale was not in the slightest degree affected by the brief disaster.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Sunlight and Shadow," Album of six songs by F. H. Cowen—Boosey and Co.—Six Songs by F. H. Cowen, Joseph Williams. These two sets of songs are among the most graceful of the many productions of their class which Mr. Cowen has produced. They were recently spoken of by us in reference to their effective performance at Mr. Cowen's "Song recital" at Steinway Hall—so that we now merely record their publication, as specified above.

Stephen Heller's special studies on the works of Chopin, op. 154 (Edwin Ashdown). This a work of great value to all student's of Chopin's pianoforte music, for the execution of which it forms an almost indispensable preparation. The style of passage-writing peculiar to the great Polish pianist is unlike that of any other writer for the instrument, elaborate and minute successions of notes in complex and rapid diversity, unusual extensions, and difficulties that are special to the composer, offer serious obstacles to the interpretation of his music. These obstacles may be greatly diminished by a study of the exercises written for that purpose by Stephen Heller, whose admirable compositions show the strong influence that Chopin's music has had on his style. The work now referred to consists of twenty-one studies, in each of which prominent passages from Chopin are paraphrased and imitated, and treated with much ingenious and original amplification. The pieces are not only admirably suited for their special purpose, but are also extremely interesting in themselves. They form a valuable addition to the several sets of entirely original studies previously composed by Stephen Heller, and issued in a complete edition by the same publisher.

Mazurkas, von Anton Dvorák, op. 56 (London W. J. Willcocks and Co.; Berlin and Posen, Bote and Bock). These characteristic pianoforte pieces, by the Bohemian composer, whose music and whose recent presence here have attracted so much attention, are worthy the reputation which he has acquired by many compositions in various forms of the art. It might be supposed that the form and the rhythm of the Polish dance—the Mazurka—had been exhausted by the many productions of the kind, especially by the best examples of the class, those of Chopin; but the pieces now referred to have a distinct individuality of character, and will be found to possess an interest of their own even to pianists who are acquainted with the whole of the preceding repertoire. The same publishers are issuing a complete edition of the pianoforte works of Chopin, neatly engraved and printed, and with the many and valuable corrections of Herr Klindworth.

Mass for five solo voices and double choir. L. Spohr (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) This fine work, performed last week at the concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (as noticed elsewhere) has just been issued, by the eminent firm of Berners-street, in a very neat, handy, and cheap edition. The publication of such a masterpiece in so accessible a shape is peculiarly welcome, from the fact that the foreign edition has long been out of print.

The officers of the Fishmongers' Company last month seized at Billingsgate and destroyed 23 tons of fish as unfit for human food, no less than 14 tons 17 cwt. of the whole quantity being mussels 2 tons cockles, 2 tons periwinkles, and a ton oysters.

CITY ECHOES.

TUESDAY EVENING.

It is typical of the difficulty felt in employing money that in the last week of the fiscal year the directors of the Bank of England should have been under the necessity of reducing the standard rate of discount. Towards the close of March the direction of the market is generally the reverse of this year's experience. The paying of the "Queen's taxes" and the usual requirements of a closing quarter, together cause such competition for money that the Bank of England looks to be the principal lender until the payment of the dividends on various public stocks once more equalises the market. But this year excessive supplies and small requirements have reversed the current. The reduction to 3 per cent in the middle of March had not sufficient effect, and now 2½ per cent has been adopted. But the new standard is also above the working value, as bills are being discounted at 2 per cent. Those who have money on deposit with the banks suffer correspondingly, and now the rate of interest allowed them is but 1½ per cent, a return ridiculously small; and it is the less bearable that there is no present prospect of amendment. All this experience promotes investments in Government securities of high class. Dear as the British national funds were, they continue in such request that they go on rising in value, and Colonial Government issues are getting scarcer and dearer every week. The effect of this is a slow but increasing tendency to widen the area of choice. To this is probably due the very great success which attended the new Argentine and Natal loans; and much as seasonable weather may have to do with the upward movement in British railway securities, it is probable that the absolute necessity of buying something good, no matter if at present dear in price, has also had some influence.

For it must be borne in mind that careful investors find it impossible to add to their stake in American railway securities, now one of our most varied and extensive fields. As to the still-continued fall in that department questions which cannot be answered are asked daily. Ordinarily, when stocks which are still paying the dividends which have been for years provided out of revenue declined day after day over a period of months and almost years, for really that may now be said, it is found that a crisis or panic is pending. But no one seems to think that probable now, and in this case a panic comes suddenly, and in a time of undue confidence; but what is happening now is a shrinkage, and unless it soon stops or the rate of diminution is moderated, it will, as regards some stocks, end in practical disappearance. Over-commitments by railway financiers seem to be the only cause of what is now going on. The lines undertaken in Mexico and other parts of the American continent have over-taxed their authors, for the reason that the new stocks cannot be placed in Europe, and money has to be found by the selling of existing securities already partly held here. It is not a question of whether such securities are now realising less than their proper value, for the sellers must have money or break down. If the British public could be sure of what is going on or pending, purchases might be fearlessly made in several directions; but the British public is kept in the dark, and the consequence is absolute abstention. The Americans have themselves to thank for that.

It is suggested that the Government levy a small tax on speculative transactions in the Stock Exchange, and it can hardly be supposed that speculators, stockbrokers, and stock-jobbers would suffer much loss of business in consequence, for such a tax would be but a small addition to the heavy charges already borne under the titles of commissions, "turns," and continuations; and if it did check speculation, now unduly prevalent, that result would be good. The Stock Exchange would, however, be up in arms if there were any idea of such a suggestion being adopted, and just now the members of "the House" could unfold a tale of declining business such as they would expect to see move all but the most hard-hearted; for at this moment the notice-boards set aside for the purpose are more than full with announcements relating to the withdrawal of authority to "authorised clerks," some of these notices containing the frank announcement that the principals have no longer anything for such authorised clerks to do.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

At a festival in aid of the funds of the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Home, recently held at the Freemasons' Tavern, the contributions amounted to £4200.

The annual morning performance on Thursday week at Drury Lane Theatre, on behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, resulted in a profit estimated at nearly £400.

A concert given at the Prince's Hall on the 3rd inst., in aid of the funds of Lady Constance Stanley's Home for Infants, Carlton-road, Kilburn, was a most successful artistic effort on behalf of an excellent institution.

A conversazione and fancy sale took place last Saturday afternoon at the London Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond-street, in connection with the opening, by Lady Ebury, of the new wing of the hospital erected for the Nursing Institute.

A bazaar was held last week in the Townhall, Kensington, for the benefit of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the head-quarters of which are situated close to the London Docks.

The Lady Mayoress, accompanied by Mr. Clarence Smith, Sheriff of London and Middlesex, opened a bazaar on the 3rd inst., at the Zenana and Medical Mission School and Home, 58, St. George's-road, Belgravia, in aid of the funds of the institution. Sir William McArthur, K.C.M.G., M.P., the Rev. Drs. Rigg, J. Hiles Hitchens, Drs. G. de Gorquer Griffith, Rogers, Schofield, Walters, and others took part in the proceedings. The object of this institution is to train ladies to be medical missionaries for countries where men doctors are not allowed to attend the women and children.

Mr. William Fowler, M.P., presided on Thursday week at the thirty-fifth anniversary festival, at the Cannon-street Hotel, in aid of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. The hospital, a wing of which was opened by the late Prince Consort, contains accommodation for 164 patients. Since its establishment the charity has relieved 368,000 outdoor and 17,700 indoor patients. The annual estimated expenditure is £10,000; but the actual income, derived from subscriptions and other sources, does not exceed £3500. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £3008.

Lord Ashley presided at the annual general meeting of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, held at Grafton Hall, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, on Thursday week. The report stated that in the course of the year applications for temporary assistance were made by 167 persons, seventy-four of whom received the aid of the society by gift, and the other ninety-three by loan. During the year only one member out of the 1000 cabdrivers belonging to the Society was convicted of drunkenness. Five aged and infirm cabdrivers were elected last December to annuities of £20 a year. The receipts from all sources for the year had been £2694, while the expenses had been about £1450. The report was adopted.

The State apartments at Hampton Court were reopened on Monday.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF SEAFIELD.

The Right Hon. Sir Jan Charles Grant-Ogilvie, Earl of Seafield,



Viscount Reid-haven and Baron Ogilvy of Deskford and Cullen, in the Peerage of Scotland, Baron Strath-spey of Strathspey in that of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, D.L. for the counties of Banff and Inverness, died on the 31st ult. His Lordship, who was born Oct. 7, 1851,

the only son of John Charles, seventh Earl of Seafield, K.T., by Caroline, his wife, youngest daughter of the eleventh Lord Blantyre, received his education at Eton, and was in the 1st Life Guards from 1869 to 1877. He succeeded his father Feb. 18, 1881, and, never having married, is himself succeeded by his uncle, James, present Earl, late M.P. for Elgin and Nairn, born Dec. 27, 1817, who has been twice married, and has issue. By paternal descent, the Earl of Seafield was Chief of the great Scottish House of Grant of Grant; and possessed a vast estate in North Britain. The earldom was inherited from the Ogilvies, of whom his Lordship was representative.

SIR GEORGE C. ANDERSON.

Sir George Campbell Anderson, late Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands, died at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 1st ult., aged seventy-nine. He was called to the Colonial Bar in 1827, was Speaker of the House of Assembly, Bahamas, 1831 to 1868; Attorney-General there, 1837; Chief Justice, 1875; Acting Chief Justice, Ceylon, 1876; and Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands, 1877 to 1880. He married, first, 1834, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Benjamin Tynes, M.D.; and secondly, 1842, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. William Brown, of Saxby, Leicestershire. He became a widower March 5, 1877. In 1874 he was knighted.

COLONEL YOUNG.

Colonel David Butler Young, Bombay Staff Corps, Controller of Military Accounts, Bengal, died at Calcutta, on the 19th ult. He entered the Army June 15, 1850, and attained the rank of Colonel June 15, 1881. During the interval he saw much service—in Persia in 1857, and in the Indian Mutiny, at the capture of Dahr, at the storming of Chandaree and Jhansi, the battle of Betwa, the action of Koonch, and the taking of Calpee and Gwalior. He was also in the Abyssinian Field Force in 1867-8, and was present at the capture of Magdala. He had medals and clasp, was wounded Nov. 24, 1857, and mentioned in despatches.

THE REV. J. P. SARGENT.

The Rev. John Pain Sargent, M.A., F.R.A.S., formerly Vicar of Cauldon and Waterfall, Staffordshire, died on the 17th ult., at East Wittering Rectory, Chichester, in his eighty-fifth year. This accomplished Hebrew scholar graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was, in early life, a Fellow and Examiner in Hebrew of the Academical Association. In 1873, after holding curacies for many years in the dioceses of Canterbury and London, he was instituted to the Vicarages of Cauldon and Waterfall, which he resigned in 1882. Mr. Sargent was the author of a series of "Letters on the Study of the Hebrew Language," of "Dissertations on the Hebrew Words occurring in the New Testament," &c.

MR. CHARLES SCHREIBER, M.P.

Mr. Charles Schreiber, M.A., M.P. for Poole, whose death is just announced, was born May 10, 1826, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel James Alfred Schreiber, 6th Dragoon Guards, of Melton, Suffolk, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ware, of Woodfort, in the county of Cork, and was grandson of Mr. William Schreiber, of Tewins House, Herts. He was educated at Cheltenham, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Browne's Medallist in 1848, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1850. In that year he graduated, and was elected a Fellow of his college in 1852. His first return to Parliament was for Cheltenham in 1865, and his last for Poole, in 1880. His politics were Conservative. Mr. Schreiber married, April 10, 1855, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Guest, widow of Sir Josiah John Guest, Bart., and only daughter of Albemarle, ninth Earl of Lindsey.

MR. MONTEITH OF CARSTAIRS.

Mr. Robert Joseph Ignatius Monteith, of Carstairs, in the county of Lanark, M.A., J.P., and D.L., died on the 31st ult. in his seventy-third year. He was son of the late Mr. Henry Monteith, M.P. (the purchaser of Carstairs), by his first wife, Christina Cameron, of the clan Cameron of Lochiel. He married, 1845, Wilhelmina, daughter of Mr. Joseph Mellish, of Blythe, Notts, and leaves issue. The cotton trade in Scotland was mainly founded by James Monteith, the grandfather of the estimable gentleman whose death we record.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Herbert Henley Richardson, M.A., Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of the Isles, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Glasgow.

The Rev. George Frederick Pooley, LL.B., of Cransford, Suffolk, J.P., Patron and Rector of the parish, Vicar of Bruiyard, and Rural Dean, on the 21st ult., aged seventy-six.

Mr. Henry Potts, of Glanraon, near Mold, formerly High Sheriff of the counties of Flint and Denbigh, on the 22nd ult., at his residence, Chester, in his seventy-fourth year.

Mr. Henry Anson Cartwright, High Sheriff of Devon in 1844, and for forty years J.P. for that county, on the 26th ult., at Heavitree, near Exeter, in his eighty-first year.

The Rev. Joseph Holden Johnson, for sixty years Curate and Vicar of Tilshead, Devizes, Wilts, on the 24th ult., in his ninety-second year.

The Rev. John Byng, M.A., Rector of Boxford, Suffolk, previously Vicar of Langford, Beds, second but last surviving son of the Hon. John Byng, E.L.C.S., third son of the fifth Viscount Torrington, on the 25th ult., aged seventy-two.

The Hon. Miss Frances Rice, of Matson House, near Gloucester, from a shock resulting from an accidental fall in her bed-room. Miss Rice, who was a relative of Lord Dynevor, was eighty-seven years of age.

Mr. Nicholas Trübner, the head of the publishing firm of Trübner and Co., suddenly, on the 30th ult., at his residence, 29, Upper Hamilton-terrace. Mr. Trübner was born at Heidelberg in 1817, and came to England thirty years ago.

Mr. Walter Stephens Brinkley, J.P., of Knockmaroon House, Dublin, and 93, Sydney-place, Bath, late 11th (P.A.O.) Hussars, on the 31st ult., aged fifty-seven. He was last surviving son of the Rev. John Brinkley, Rector of Glanworth, by Anne, his wife, daughter and coheir of the Rev. Walter Stephens, of Hybla, county Kildare; and grandson of Dr. John Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, the astronomer.

Lady Houlton (Anna), widow of Sir George Houlton, Knt. Captain 43rd Regiment, Ensign of the Yeoman of the Guard, and daughter of Mr. John Cruikshank, of Bath, on the 31st ult., at The Cottage, Farley Castle, near Bath.

Colonel Henry Syngé, of the Egyptian Gendarmerie, and formerly Captain, fifty-second Light Infantry, a younger son of the late Mr. John Syngé, of Glanmore, county Wicklow, by Fanny, his second wife, daughter of Sir Richard Steele, Bart., on the 24th ult., at Cairo, aged forty-four.

Mr. Henry Richmond Droop, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, on the 21st ult., aged fifty-one, an accomplished conveyancer, devoted to the study of ecclesiastical post-Reformation law, and the theory of the Parliamentary rights of minorities. He graduated Third Wrangler in 1854.

Mr. Edward Lysaght Griffin, of Violet Hill, Bray, county Wicklow, J.P., barrister-at-law, last surviving son of the late Right Rev. Henry Griffin, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, by Jane Eyre, his wife, daughter and coheir of Edward Lysaght, the friend of Grattan and Curran, and a wit and song-writer of great popularity in Ireland.

Anne Adde, of Deepdene, Surrey, and Castle Blayney, county Monaghan, widow of Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, M.P., and daughter of Monsieur Joseph Bicat, on the 31st ult., at 35, Belgrave-square. By her husband's will she succeeded, in 1861, to very considerable estates in England and Ireland.

Major the Hon. Charles Cornwallis Chetwynd, formerly Captain 10th Regiment, fourth son of Richard Walter, Sixth Viscount Chetwynd, on the 31st ult., at Worthing, aged forty-nine. By Emily Hannah, his wife, only daughter of Mr. W. H. Blaauw, of Beechland, Sussex, he leaves several children.

Colonel Howard John St. George, of Kiltrush, in the county of Kilkenny, J.P. and D.L., late Lieutenant-Colonel Kilkenny Militia and High Sheriff of his county in 1858, on the 21st ult., aged seventy-one; the representative of a branch of the ancient family of St. George. He held, early in life, a commission in the 12th and 17th Lancers.

Lieut.-Colonel Horatio Powys Lane, Royal (late Madras) Artillery, younger son of the late Mr. Samuel Lane, of Ipswich, and a descendant, maternally, of the ancient family of Powys, of Hardwick, county Oxford, on 9th ult., on his homeward journey, on board the Cathay, aged forty-eight. He served in the Central Indian Campaign, received medal with clasp, and was First Class Commissary of Ordnance at Madras.

TOTAL WRECK OF THE DANIEL STEINMANN.

A terrible disaster off the coast of Nova Scotia is reported. The steamer Daniel Steinmann, of the Belgian White Cross Line, bound from Antwerp to New York, struck on Thursday night, the 3rd inst., and sank, off Sambro, about twenty miles from Halifax. The steamer had ninety passengers and a crew of thirty-nine men on board, of whom only eight have been saved, including the captain. She sank soon after striking. The Daniel Steinmann was an iron steamer of 1790 gross tons, was built at Antwerp in 1875, and was classed 100 A 1.

The captain has made the following statement:—"The steamer was making dead slow headway, in heavy fog and rain. I observed through the thick mist a faint light two points on the starboard bow, and, taking it for Chedabucto Head Light, steered towards it. I sounded, and found thirty fathoms of water. Twenty minutes later I sounded again, and finding only ten fathoms I saw that the light was the Sambro. At the same time I discovered the Chedabucto light about four points on the starboard bow. I had the wheel put hard aport, but was too late, and the ship struck on the rocks twice. The first shock was light, but the second was severe, carrying away the steering gear. We drifted over the rocks and anchored. I ordered the boats to be lowered, and the women and children put in first. When one boat was in the water I noticed that the ship was approaching the breakers, and ran forward to see if the chain cable had parted. Before I reached the fore-castle an immense sea broke over the poop, and in the twinkling of an eye everybody on deck, men, women, and children, were swept away. A fearful crash followed, and the ship plunged stern foremost beneath the water. I ran to the fore-rigging, and succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the topsail yard, which arose just above the sea. I was joined there by one passenger. All the others were lost. We remained there all the night, and were rescued in the morning by a boatload of the steamer's crew, who, I then discovered, had reached land the night before."

The parish church of Fulford, York, which was rebuilt about six years ago, having been destroyed by fire, has lately been much improved by the introduction of Munich stained glass (designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.) in the large five-light east window.

The executors of the late Miss Bewick have presented to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Natural History Society a large collection of oil paintings, drawings, woodcuts, &c., associated with the life and work of the celebrated wood engraver, Thomas Bewick.

The Secretary of State for War has approved of the attendance of about 36,000 volunteers at the camp of exercise to be formed in the Northern Military District between May and September next. This attendance will comprise sixty-five regiments in Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Durham, Northumberland, Nottinghamshire, Herefordshire, Flintshire, Shropshire, Denbighshire, Northamptonshire, and Leicestershire.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 19.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13.	TUESDAY, APRIL 15.
Easter Day.	Easter Tuesday.
Morning Lessons: Exodus xii. 1-29; Rev. i. 10-19. Evening Lessons: Exodus xii. 29, or xiv.; John xx. 11-19; or Rev. v.	Races: Newmarket Craven Meeting.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Dean, Dr. Church; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. Canon H. Scott Holland.	WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., the Dean, Dr. Bradley; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Rowsell.	Oxford Easter Term begins.
St. James's, noon, the Dean of Worcester, Lord High Almoner.	Bankers' Institute, 6 p.m.
Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. John Masterman Braithwaite; 3 p.m., Rev. W. M. Sinclair.	Meteorological Society, 7 p.m.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. Edgar Sheppard.	THURSDAY, APRIL 17.
MONDAY, APRIL 14.	Chemical Society, 8 p.m., Mr. Emerson Reynoldson on the Synthesis of Galena.
Easter Monday.	Linnean Society, 8 p.m.
Princess Beatrice born, 1857.	Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.
Bank Holiday.	Historical Society, 8 p.m.
Geologists' Association, excursion to Lincoln (two days).	Catterick Bridge Races.
Albert Hall, National Concert, 2.30.	FRIDAY, APRIL 18.
Races: Burgh-by-Sand, Four Oaks Park, Kempton Park, and New-castle.	Cambridge Easter Term begins.
	Moon's last quarter, 3.55 p.m.
	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 2 p.m.
	Archæological Association, 8 p.m., members' soirée.
	Philological Society, 8 p.m., Prince L. L. Bonaparte on Italian and Uralic Dialects, &c.
	SATURDAY, APRIL 19.
	St. Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, martyred by the Danes, 1012.
	Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, died, 1881.

T H E E A S T E R V O L U N T E E R M A N Œ U V R E S .



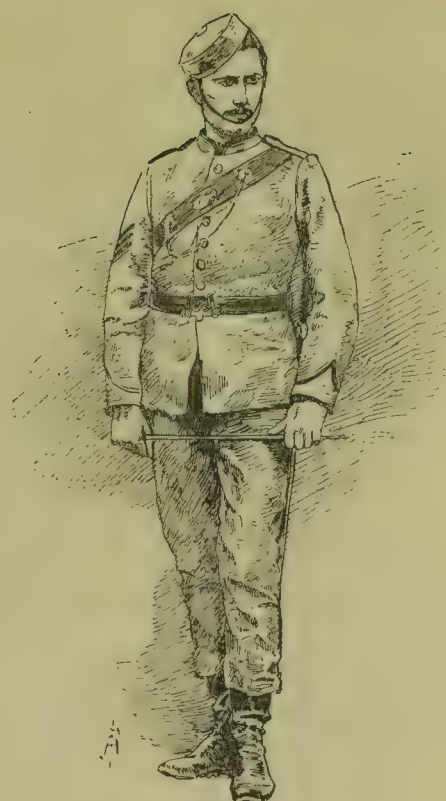
3RD MIDDLESEX.



LONDON SCOTTISH.



2ND BAT. ROYAL FUSILIERS.



20TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS').



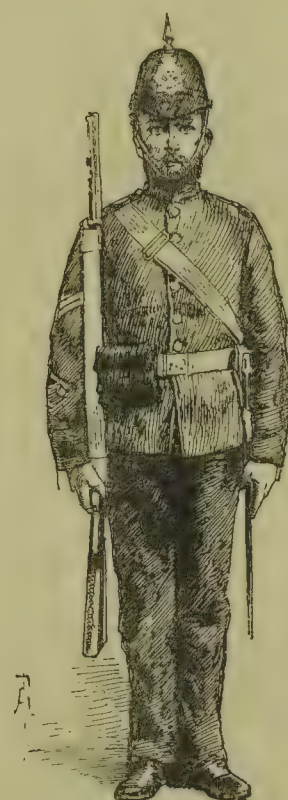
1ST DORSET.



1ST MIDDLESEX ENGINEERS.
(Marching Order.)



3RD LONDON.



1ST BAT. LINCOLNSHIRE.



LONDON SCOTTISH.



6TH MIDDLESEX (ST. GEORGE'S).



LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.



3RD MIDDLESEX.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.



LIEUT.-COL. VISCOUNT RANELAGH, K.C.B.,
2nd Middlesex.



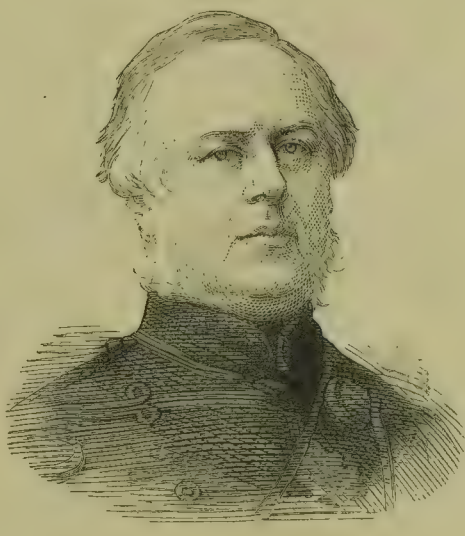
LIEUT.-COLONEL T. CARR,
1st Battalion West Riding.



LIEUT.-COL. VISCOUNT BURY,
12th Middlesex (Civil Service).



LIEUT.-COL. J. F. EVERETT,
1st Wilts.



LIEUT.-COL. F. W. KNIGHT,
1st Battalion Worcestershire.



LIEUT.-COLONEL F. T. BALL,
1st Middlesex Engineers.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR H. ST. JOHN HALFORD,
1st Battalion Leicestershire.

SOME VOLUNTEER COMMANDERS.



FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY: THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE LEAVING CHERBOURG WITH THE BODY ON BOARD.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Most Serene Henri, Comte de Chambord, was proved on the 29th ult. by M. Alfred Huet du Pavillon, the surviving executor, the personal estate in England being of the value of £80,337. By his will he gives to the Comtesse de Chambord his estate and Château of Frohsdorf, with its contents, absolutely, and a life interest in the residue of his properties, real and personal, which he charges with the payment of numerous legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and domestics, and bequests to charities. After the death of the Comtesse he gives three fourths of the residue to his nephew Robert Duc de Parme, and one fourth to his nephew Henri Comte de Bardi.

The will, as contained in papers marked A and B, with one codicil (all dated May 1, 1882), of the Right Hon. Edward George, Baron Howard of Glossop, P.C., late of Glossop Hall, Derbyshire, of No. 19, Rutland-gate, and of Dorlin, in the county of Inverness, who died on Dec. 1 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot, the nephews, and Francis Edward Lord Howard of Glossop, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £118,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 and an annuity of £600 to his wife, Lady Howard of Glossop; £6000 to his wife and son jointly; £15,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Lady Herries, the Countess of Loudoun, the Hon. Constance Mary Germaine FitzAlan-Howard, and the Hon. Winifred Mary FitzAlan-Howard; £1000 to his daughter the Marchioness of Bute as a mark of his great affection for her, but he does not make any other provision for her, she being already amply provided for; £1000 each to his sisters, Lady Foley and Lady Adeline Manners; £3000 to the Rev. Dr. Angus Macdonald, or to such other person as shall have at his death supervision of the Roman Catholic diocese of Argyll; £1000 to the person who shall have at his death supervision of the Roman Catholic district of Nottingham; and an annuity of £200 to Mrs. Louisa Mary Milman. There are also specific gifts to his son, daughters, and sons-in-law, and pecuniary legacies to nephews, nieces, friends, servants, and others. The residue of his property, real and personal, he gives to his son, the present peer.

The will (dated March 14, 1866), with two codicils (dated Nov. 18, 1872, and July 28, 1877), of the Most Hon. George Hamilton, Marquis of Donegall, K.P., G.C.H., P.C., F.R.S., late of No. 22, Grosvenor-square, and of Hamstead Marshall, Berks, who died on Oct. 20 last at Brighton, was proved on the 26th ult. by James Torrens and Richard Pennington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testator leaves certain quarries and railway property in Ireland to his wife, the Marchioness of Donegall, for life, and then to the trustees of the family estates; certain gas and other shares to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Lady Harriot Ashley; and there are some other gifts to his said daughter. The residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1862), with two codicils (dated respectively June 3, 1873, and Sept. 24, 1875), of the Right Hon. Sir John Barnard Byles, P.C., formerly one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, but late of 3, Prince's-gardens, S.W., and Harefield, Uxbridge, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on the 25th ult., by Walter Barnard Byles and Maurice Barnard Byles, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £201,000. The testator, after bequeathing several pecuniary legacies to relatives and friends and to his former clerks, and after making specific devises to his two sons, settles the residue of his real and personal estate upon his two sons and their issue, as tenants in common, with cross remainder over between them.

The will and codicil of the late Mr. Thomas Newman Hunt has been proved in the Principal Registry, by Mr. T. H. Newman and Mr. R. Philpot, the executors. The estate in the United Kingdom exceeds £172,500. The testator also possessed freehold estates in Ireland, and property in Newfoundland and Oporto. He bequeaths his leasehold dwelling-house, No. 79, Portland-place, and the plate, furniture, and all other household goods, whether useful or ornamental, to Mrs. Philpot, the sister of his late wife, for her life, and, after her death, to her son, Mr. T. E. D. Philpot, absolutely. He also gives numerous legacies to his own relatives and to members of his late wife's family, the residue to the said Mr. T. H. Newman.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 8, 1883), of Mr. Thomas Ford, late of Swansea, Glamorganshire, merchant, who died on Dec. 22 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Dimond Ford, and William Dowle Jones, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives to his wife £200, all his furniture and household effects, and his residence, Woodlands, so long as she likes to occupy it; he also leaves £8000, upon trust, for her for life. There are legacies to his son

Thomas, to his partner, and to his executors; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children except his son Thomas in equal shares.

The will (dated May 22, 1878) of Mrs. Annie Drake, late of No. 27, Onslow-gardens, who died on Feb. 9 last at Amwell Bury, Herts, was proved on the 1st ult. by Heyrick Anthony Greatorex, the nephew, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to Francis Ashton Drake, a son of her late husband; £6000, upon trust, for John Allatt Drake, another son of her late husband, for life, then for her sister, Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, for life, and then for her niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Annie Pinwell, and her children; and there are some other legacies. The funds under her marriage settlement are directed to be held, upon trust, for her said sister for life; and the residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, the said Heyrick Anthony Greatorex.

The will (dated March 29, 1864), with two codicils (dated March 21 and Nov. 23, 1883), of Mr. Charles Marriott Caldecott, J.P., D.L., formerly a magistrate in India, late of Holbrook Grange, near Rugby, who died on Nov. 30 last, has been proved by Edmund Harris and Colonel Charles Thomas Caldecott, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Caldecott; and legacies to labourers, coachman, and gardener. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death, some legacies are given to children; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his daughters Sophia Catherine, Merriel, and Eleanor, and his three sons, Randolph, Everard Garfoot, and Francis James.

NOVELS.

Women are celebrated for self-sacrifice in many matters and for an inclination to pose as interesting martyrs; but that the most angelic woman should voluntarily surrender the man she loves, as the heroine of *Richer than Wealth* (Sampson Low and Co.) is represented by an anonymous novelist to have done, is certainly contrary to the prevailing belief concerning the sex. That so noble a heroine should treat gold as dross when an affair of the heart is in question, is probable enough—in a novel—especially when the man she loves does not hesitate to set her the example; nor is it improbable that she would relinquish her claims upon him if she had no more than an undefinable liking for him. But in this case she loves him with all the fervour of a strong and passionate nature, which is likely to feel the more deeply because no sign appears upon the calm and still exterior. However, assent or dissent as the reader may, the novelist has drawn a very noble character of a very uncommon order. And other characters there are in the book, not equally admirable but equally well portrayed; and they are all characters of women. The men are not nearly so good as portraits; and as for the hero, who appears to have been irresistible in the eyes of the women, it is only a woman who can be expected to understand wherein his great strength lay, and who or what he was that all the daughters of the land should adore him. Handsome, yes; honourable in his intentions, yes; constant in his attachment, yes; but he lacks the gallant bearing of a Launcelot, though he is free from that famous knight's most grievous fault; and he lacks the chivalrous courtesy of Arthur, though he is free from that fabulous king's unpleasant coldness. So much love-making, with appropriate accompaniments, is not often to be found in a single novel; indeed, the story is almost entirely made up of it; and it is the more piquant, if not the more interesting, because one or two of the ladies, married and unmarried, are continually treading on very slippery ground. Be it understood, however, that both the ladies and the story emerge from all their perils without reproach.

Considerable originality, humour, and power of writing are displayed in a novel called *In London Town*: by Katharine Lee (Richard Bentley and Son), which contains a story of more than ordinary ability, if not of more than ordinary interest. The hero is one of the most amusing and entertaining, as well as clever, creations that readers can hope to meet with in the current fiction of the day; that is to say, in his own small sphere, for the social world in which he moves is of a very confined and not altogether agreeable sort. His mother, too, is an excellent study of womankind, very true to life, and highly diverting; and his uncle, what there is of him, is an equally creditable piece of workmanship, almost as humorous, and far more instructive and pathetic. A laugh now and then, and a smile more frequently, will be elicited by the satire to which the superior intellectual woman of the present day, with her "crazes" and their consequences or accessories, is subjected; but the satire, which is by no means ill-natured, cannot be described as either keen or profound. It is in the delineation

of the heroine and her father, no doubt, that the novelist employed the greatest efforts and hoped to produce the most powerful effect; but, though the girl is, in many respects, a very novel and remarkable conception, the old gentleman is a comparatively poor and commonplace production. One or two melodramatic scenes, and a great deal of wild and extravagant language, moreover, are detrimental rather than beneficial, and diminish rather than augment the impression that might be created by the more serious portions of the tale. Why a paintress—if that word may be accepted as the feminine of painter—should always have such language put into her mouth as the most illiterate and ungrammatical of domestic servants would be expected to use, it is difficult to understand. And there is nothing accidental about the matter; it is deliberate, intentional, and continual, as if the object were to represent the habitual practice of a certain class. Surely this is very funny, not to say gratuitously libellous. Mrs. Gamp was not a paintress, but a much more useful though less ornamental and less highly educated person. Unless, indeed, there are paintresses who sit on the ground and draw things with coloured chalk on the pavement.

Know all men, all Englishmen, that is, who are under the idea that this has been a civilised country for several generations, and who read such books as "Savage Svánctia" with a feeling of wonder, as if they were reading of what is no longer to be seen, in the way of barbarism, save in a foreign country, that "the old man who lived in a cider-cask" in the West of England, as truthfully reported in *John Herring*: by the author of "Mehalah" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), "was alive ten years ago," and that "the Cobbledicks," a clan of literally "half-naked savages," to which he belonged, if he cannot be said to have been its pride and ornament, "has only been dispersed of recent years." Such extraordinary scenes and such extraordinary language as are to be found in this novel, though the dialect has mercifully been modified out of consideration for the reader, are rare even in fiction, which, in the present instance, is based on fact, and haste should be made to become acquainted with them, though awe and disgust should mingle with the wonder caused and the interest excited. Truly Dartmoor is a marvellous locality, and stories whereof the scene is in the neighbourhood of it are full of strange persons, places, sayings, and occurrences. And among those stories a high, if not the very topmost, position must be ascribed to "John Herring," which for originality, power, picturesqueness, impressiveness, and a certain wild beauty here and there, is surpassed by few, if any, of our later publications. That the scenes and the actions, and the language are sometimes revolting and shocking is the misfortune rather than the fault of the writer, who would otherwise have been untruthful. But if the appearance of profanity, as well as the reality of a repulsive representation, were unavoidable, the same excuse cannot be made for the general bitterness of the tone, which is very bitter indeed, or for the unsatisfactory character of the conclusion, which is very unsatisfactory indeed. A novel is supposed to propound a theory of life; and very gloomy, indeed, appears to be the writer's theory. Not that there are no gleams of brightness; Joyce the "savage," and Cicely the gentle and good, and John Herring himself, the honourable and heroic, bring occasional rays of sunshine with them. As for Mirelle, she is an admirable study, very pathetic, but almost painful. Orange is life-like, but a creature of low moral type; and the captain, her sublimely selfish suitor but not lover, is like a character in a farce, and is enough to give a ludicrous aspect to the most tragic of catastrophes. Of course, in accordance with the rules of fiction, if not with the laws of human nature, the great trouble of the story is caused by the hero's failure to be true to himself; the soul of honour and of candour acts, for once in his life, from the best of motives, a part that would seem impossible for such as he is, and "hence those tears." His experience would certainly go to corroborate the author's paradoxical statement that "more harm is wrought by doing good than by doing nothing."

Sir W. Jenner, K.C.B., M.D., has been unanimously re-elected President of the Royal College of Physicians.

The Common Council has resolved to contribute £1000 towards the £20,000 required by the City and Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of technical education, provided the livery companies subscribe a further sum towards that object.

Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., has finished the portrait of the Prince of Wales destined for the Hall of the Middle Temple, of which his Royal Highness is a Bench. It has been so favourably criticised, that the Corporation of Trinity House have commissioned the artist to paint another picture of the Prince as an Elder Brother, to be added to those of the large array of distinguished personages that already adorn their house on Tower-hill.

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"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."
THE performance of "Much A Do About Nothing" by the Lyceum Theatre Company was worthy to be ranked and remembered with the beautiful representation of "The Merchant of Venice."—PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

A DELIGHTED audience at the Chestnut-street Opera-House last night witnessed the finest presentation of "Much A Do About Nothing" that has been given here within a generation. It was a revelation, like the Lyceum Company's "Merchant of Venice," of what could be done to make Shakespeare's plays attractive stage pictures in the present day. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the players were recalled at the close of every act.—PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

MISS TERRY brings upon the stage the charm of personality that is quite unique. Her grace, her refinement, her ready intelligence and sympathy, and, above all, an air of high distinction that seems to belong to herself, all combine to invest her work with an unusual attraction. In Beatrice all these special charms contribute directly to a stage impersonation that is fully satisfying. Her Beatrice is a high-bred lady, brimming with merriment and wit, but with a womanly tenderness and sympathy as well that reach deep down into her character, and her whole performance is as charming in sentiment as it is beautiful in execution. Mr. Irving's Benedick is a performance so full of intelligence, so far removed from commonplace, that it cannot but command attention, and as part of a beautiful presentation of a very beautiful play, it must command also the respect of every appreciative lover of the drama.—PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

LAST night was a red-letter night in the calendar of our passing dramatic season. From his first scene with Beatrice, Mr. Irving acted with infinite spirit and dignity. In the second act, in the garden scene, where he is made the dupe of his friends, who conspire to induce him to believe that Beatrice is sick for love of him, Mr. Irving displayed a marvellous versatility of power. The long speech beginning with "This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne," was made by him to convey an infinite variety of meanings. His face became a fascinating study as it expressed one emotion after another; his voice had range equally wide, and there was a gentle and indefinable spirit of half-humorous, half-pitiful feeling pervading his voice, pose, and action, as he spoke the lines, which in the doing of he produced an effect which the greatest of actors might be proud to have done. To attempt to criticise Miss Terry as Beatrice would be gross impertinence; her art was so perfect in it, so compact and whole, as to offer no point of vantage to the most exacting foe. In mien, voice, gesture, pose, raiment, she was invulnerably armed against criticism; she permitted nothing but admiration and respect; she took the statue of Beatrice as Shakespeare nobly fashioned it, and inspired it with life and informed it with a soul. She clothed it with her own gracious and lovely personality, and adorned it with the splendour, sweetness, grace, and dignity of her masterful genius. We have never seen another Beatrice so exquisitely schemed, of such noble proportions and beautiful outlines, and we never expect to see another of such rare grace and winsomeness.—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

NO previous representation of this comedy ever given in this city equalled it in high artistic qualities and in the adequateness of its interpretation of the text.—PHILADELPHIA EVENING TELEGRAPH.

"LOUIS XI."
A large and fashionable audience attended at the Chestnut-street Opera-House last evening to welcome the reappearance of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum Company.—PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

NO one saw Mr. Irving the second time in this marvellous representation of the hypocritical, mean, and cruel Louis without recognising with clearer eyes and wiser judgment the marvellous excellence of its execution. This part conveys the idea of the greatness of the power of the actor, and in it he is great, at times rising to such heights as few actors have ever attained upon our stage. If we want genius, and the fulness thereof, there is Ellen Terry, who showed the rare quality of it last night in the witchery of Letitia Hardy. Her presentation of the part was full of vivacity, grace, and beauty; it was by turns hoydenish and refined. It was always beautiful, always full of the most delightful spirit of the best of old comedy acting. There was a fine spontaneity about it, a grace and charm which is all her own. Even her comedy of Mrs. Cowley's time blooms in a perennial beauty and splendour. It is the comedy that flows directly from her heart.—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

IT was received by the large audience with the curious silent, almost spell-bound, attention that Mr. Irving always commands, the bursts of applause coming invariably after a short pause, and as if in response to an afterthought. "The Belle's Stratagem" was a most fascinating bit out of the eighteenth century, with its saucy love-making, tea-drinking scandal and masquerading, and above all, the lovely Terry as Letitia Hardy, of her grace, naturalness, and exquisite taste it is impossible to speak too highly. She is a born comedienne, and carried her audience whither she pleased.—PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

WHEN he played his first engagement in Philadelphia, Mr. Irving was honoured by increasing audiences as his methods and merits became better known. Last night he was further honoured in the same way, the house being much larger than that which greeted him on his first appearance. To those who had seen his Louis XI. before, this second performance increased, if possible, the high estimation put upon his power of character-acting. He disappeared, and in his place stood forth the crafty, superstitious, revengeful, and selfish King. At the close of both acts Mr. Irving was twice recalled. Nothing could be in stronger contrast to "Louis XI." than the light and airy comedy "The Belle's Stratagem," which reintroduced Miss Ellen Terry, who was most warmly received. She appears to be equally at home in comedy or tragedy.—PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

MR. HENRY IRVING was welcomed back to this city at the Chestnut-street Opera-House last night by an audience greater in numbers and quite as enthusiastic as that which witnessed his first appearance in Philadelphia as Louis XI, hardly four months ago.—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE."
IN Mr. Irving's wide repertoire it is doubtful if there is a single play in which the high devotion to art and the thorough and careful study which have made it possible for him to render to the contemporary stage such an inestimable service are more forcibly proved than in "The Merchant of Venice." The repetition of the play after an absence of a few months shows how true were the impressions formed then; for the performance seemed even more picturesque and beautiful after we had come more thoroughly to understand the measure of Mr. Irving's art—its breadth as well as its limitations—and to appreciate the harmonious whole as he presents it. One can hardly pay a higher tribute to the actor, as well as the manager, when it is said that his own work upon the stage has been the brighter for its duration. When he last played "The Merchant of Venice" when she played Portia, one asks was there ever any other Portia? In this rôle she displays that supreme order of talent and perfection of acting which illumines the work of others. She is inseparable from the scene whenever she is upon the stage, and her facile features and bright eyes not only reflect each passing emotion in her own mind, but are an index to those affecting the other actors upon the stage.—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY" was the greeting that met the late arrivals at the Chestnut-street Opera House last evening, on the occasion of Mr. Irving's reappearance as Shylock in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Miss Ellen Terry's Portia was of course the same excellent characterisation that won for her on her last visit the admiration of all lovers of true art.—PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

MR. IRVING'S Shylock, like most of his work, is better liked when better known, and his acting of the trial scene last night was particularly impressive. Of Miss Terry's graceful Portia there is no need to speak fresh praise.—PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

WHILE he is on the stage the attention is never for more than a moment diverted from him, so great is the strange personal fascination he undoubtedly exercises upon his audience. Miss Terry's Portia is so lovely an impersonation that it is likely to dwell for ever in the memories of those who saw it.—PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

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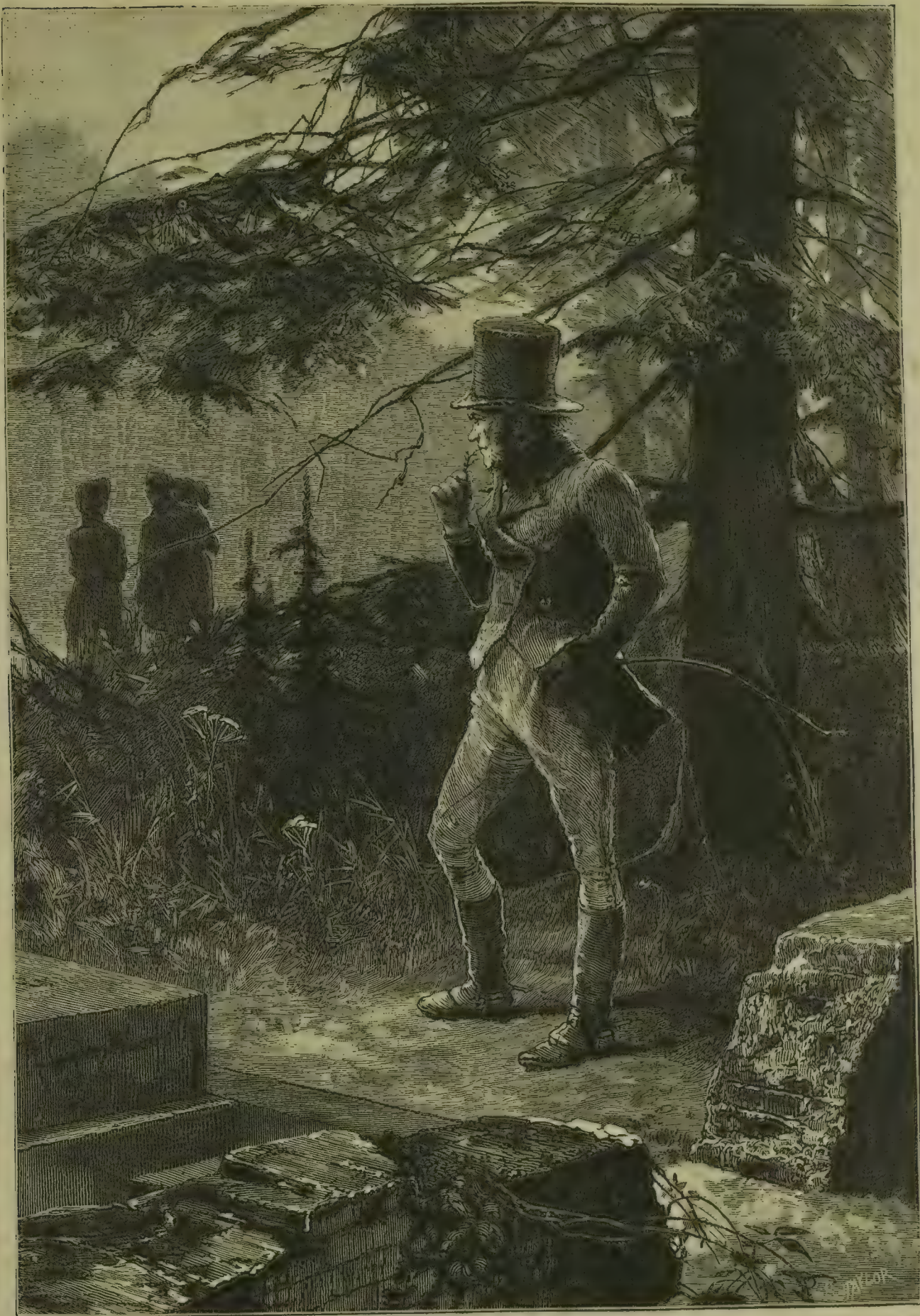
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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"No, Mr. Gorman, I never did hear how her father came by his death."

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"TURN your head a bit, Mr. Gorman—a trifle more to the left, Sorr. You see that gap in the ditch? Well, it was just out in the road there. Tony Morrison met his death. I was standing here

at the very minute. I helped to pick him up."

"Ay, indeed, and how did that happen—was he murdered? Had he taken land over anybody's head?"

"Murdered? Bless your heart, no, Sorr; and as for land, he neither let nor took it. He lived in his own house, as his father and grandfather had lived before him; and there was a meadow or two about it, and a garden and stable-yard, and all befitting. He wasn't a farmer, either gentleman or working. He had a good income of his own, and was well liked through all the county."

"What killed him, then?" asked Gorman.

"I'm coming to that, your Honour. As I tell you, I saw

his last hour, and he'd no more thought it was at hand than you have this blessed minute."

"How did he die?"

"I was going to tell you. He was a fine rider; he was a finer rider—if that were possible—I think, even than yourself. I don't mean to say he had your gait in the saddle, but he had as good a grip of his horse; and, faith, he never saw the leap that frightened him. As I stand here, I can't help thinking how, with the best horse that ever was shod, it's often just a step from the stirrup to the grave."

"In a word, I suppose Mr. Morrison was thrown at last."

"Faith, he was that, and in the queerest way. Himself and Mr. Cornelius Desmond were coming back from the Maze races, and they had been trotting gently till after they passed that bridge beyond, when Desmond says to Morrison, says he, 'Come, let's see which of us'll be at the turning to Knock graveyard first.'"

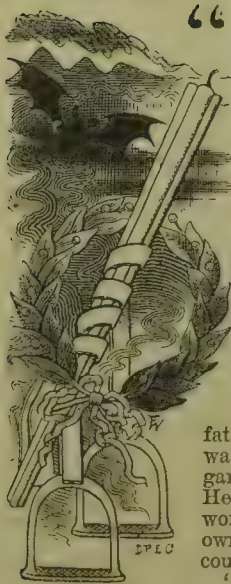
"Ah! I'll be that," says Morrison, laughing, and he clips his mare (she was a beauty) with his heels, and away they both went. Well, it's a clean good bit of road, as you see, Mr. Gorman, and they both tore along, the thuds of their horses' hoofs sounding clear through the air, as your own might do. In the field below us there were some pigs feeding, and one of them, likely frightened by the noise, ran out into the road, and partly across it, just as they were passing. Desmond's horse was about half a length behind, and just missed the creature; but it got among the legs of Mr. Morrison's mare, and in one second they were all down—Morrison pitched clean out of the saddle twenty feet ahead, and the mare and the pig all jumbled up together. We ran as hard as we could—Mat Lupus was with me—and we got into the road just as Mr.

Desmond pulled up his horse, for they were going so fast it wasn't possible to stop him sooner.

"When we came to the place where Morrison was lying we found a pool of blood, and him in the middle of it, with the poor dumb brute licking him. Many a time I've thought about that since, Master; many and many's the time. The creature that couldn't speak knew something was wrong, and there she stood licking him like a Christian, as much as to say, 'Show me how I can help you, and I'll do it.'"

"His neck was broken, I suppose," suggested Gorman, and his voice sounded a little hoarse, for the incident had touched him, as the story of an animal's faithful affection always must touch a heart which, however wayward, is brave and tender.

"No, it wasn't," answered Peter. "The force his head came on the hard ground killed him. I think I hear the thud of it now while I am talking to you. Ay, both Ned and me heard that above the noise of Desmond's horse galloping like mad. The life was still in him when we lifted him up. He didn't die till night, but he never spoke nor moved again. Faith, as Mr. Desmond said, and the tears were in his eyes when he spoke the words. Morrison was at the turn to Knock graveyard first; ay, and in his grave, too. We buried him three days after in the family vault up there, where the Morrisons have been lying snug and quiet for generations. That was a funeral, I can tell you. The following stretched from the Newtonards road up to the very churchyard gates. You never saw such a sight. It was like the day of judgment. If the dead had risen there couldn't have been a greater crowd than was that afternoon in Knock graveyard; the ground was black with people, every man standing bar-headed; and the lough, and the Antrim hills, and the woods



about Stormont, and the green sloping country down by Hollywood, framed, in a manner, by the old arched window, that hasn't had as much glass as you could see an eclipse of the sun through, in it within the memory of man. You've never been up at Knock graveyard, have you, Mither Gorman? Ah! it would be well worth your while to take a walk to it this minute, if only to look at what's to be seen through that arched window. If you like, I'll step up there with you, and show you where Morrison was buried. It's a fine, heart-some place. There's always some sort of wind stirring among the headstones."

This alluring description apparently so captivated Gorman's fancy that he agreed to Mr. Doey's proposal, and the pair accordingly, walking their horses, passed along the lane Mr. Morrison had proposed to reach first, till they came to the avenue leading to Knock graveyard. Up the hill they slowly wound, and when the gates which stand so hospitably wide were reached, tied their cattle to some railings, where the creatures could reach the short sweet grass growing beside the solemn way that led but to the grave, and entered the lonely burial-ground. Old monuments, stones all on one side, mounds which the turf had already covered, heaps of rough clay piled above the last home of the lately dead, a few shrubs probably self-planted, growing wild; to the west, a belt of trees; and on all other sides views of mountain and sea, and grassy hills, and waving woods, and rich cultivated land. As he reached the crest of the mound Gorman paused and drew a long deep breath of surprise and admiration. In a moment the whole enchanted scene lay stretched before him—the blue, treacherous lough calm as a millpond—the bold Antrim coast, mountain merging into mountain—the softer beauty of Down—green slopes, thick woods, eternal undulation.

"It is most beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"Step this way, and look at it through the arch," said Peter, with the pride of a showman, and then he stopped as suddenly as his companion.

Leaning against one of the mullions, gazing with rapt contemplation at the view, stood a girl dressed in black. She had not heard their approach, but remained so still she might have been one of the dead risen from her last narrow resting-place to take a final survey of so beautiful a world.

Gorman did not speak; but Doey could see the blood rushing up into his dark face, and an eager, tender expression lying in the depths of his sunny brown eyes.

"It's Miss Boyle," said the man, in a whisper.

"Hush!" answered Gorman; but already Berna had turned her head and saw that she was not alone.

The girl did not advance to meet young Muir, but in one moment he was by her side. Peter saw the meeting, and, turning a little aside, smiled to himself.

"I'll not spoil sport," he murmured. Then he plucked a spine off a young fir-tree close at hand, and ate it with great relish. "I always 'evened' that was how the land lay," proceeded Peter, in silent colloquy. "I wonder now if she's got a notion of him? Why wouldn't she, though? If she travelled Ireland through she couldn't meet a finer figure of a man." Having arrived at which stage in his argument, Mr. Doey gathered another fir spine, which he munched as he might had it been salad.

He had barely finished this light repast before the sound, not of footsteps—for the tread of those who walk over the silent dead makes no louder echo than the tenants lying beneath the sod—but of voices, warned him Berna and his master were close at hand. He turned, and, touching his hat, said to the latter, "This is the vault, Sorr. It was down them very steps six gentlemen carried the coffin. I'll never forget the sight, never till the day of my death. A king could scarce have had a grander following."

"Who was it?" asked Berna, for though speaking to Gorman, Doey's eyes had appealed to her as he spoke.

"Mr. Morrison, Miss Boyle; a man thought well of by rich and poor. He met his death on the old Dundonald road out by, as I was telling Mr. Muir. No better rider ever tightened a horse's girths. He had no more thought of death than you have this minute. Me and another were watching him coming along laughing and galloping like mad, when, before you could have clapped hands, he was out of the saddle for the last time; his mare down, too, with her knees cut to bits, on the top of the beast of a pig that fouled her. But what have I said wrong, Miss? I am sure I"—

"Hold your tongue, you fool," commanded Gorman. "If you hadn't been so much taken up with your confounded story, you would have seen I was making signs for you to stop. Did you never hear how her father met his death?" And the young man hurried after Berna, who had drawn down her veil, and was hurrying over the uneven surface of the desolate graveyard.

Very philosophically Doey regarded the retreating figures. Ere again helping himself to fir, he observed aloud,

"No, Mr. Gorman, I never did hear how her father came by his death; and maybe it was just as well, for now you've got another chance. There's nothing a woman, young or old, likes better nor a good cry, if there's a likely man at hand to help wipe up her tears. Faith, and it's myself 'll be looking for half a crown, anyway, if you make the use of your time you might do. Well, I expect I'd best be moving. Neither of you'll be back here to-day, or I'm much mistaken. There, may I never! if that masterful brute hasn't slipped his bridle off! Oh! you contrary devil!—stand still!—would you now? Stand still when I bid you—d'ye hear what I'm saying? do you know who it is speaking to you? Gorman Muir himself's not more headstrong than you. Come, I'm not going to put up with your nonsense any longer; open your mouth this minute—I don't want to look at your teeth. There, there; gently—gently. Mam alive! I wouldn't hurt you not for a thousand pounds counted down in golden guineas. We're the best friends alive, aren't we, old chap?"—and having with such and such like soothing professions of love and confidence contrived to get the bridle on again, Mr. Doey, in view of further complications which might ensue if the horse were left to his own devices, began walking him up and down, till Gorman should return.

The young man was not long gone; he breasted the hill with a quick free step, and as he drew near, Peter saw something in his face which conveyed the assurance matters had not gone wholly wrong.

"I am sure I beg the young lady's pardon, Mister Gorman," he said, while holding the stirrup. "Maybe I oughtn't to have made so free; but I didn't know, and I don't know now, the way Mr. Boyle came to leave his wife a widow. How could I tell, Sorr, he hadn't died in his bed, like most of the quality?"

"No, Peter, you couldn't," was the answer; "and I am sorry to have spoken to you so roughly. Mr. Boyle went out one morning on a chestnut horse as wild as a buck, that reared so high it went right over, with its rider under, crushing him, cruelly. That was how he died, Doey; and, naturally, your talk about Mr. Morrison brought the whole thing back to his daughter's mind. She was there, and saw it all."

"I wish I'd bitten my tongue out, your Honour, before I vexed as pleasant a young lady as ever anybody need wish to

speak to. It's no wonder she looks mournful like. However, please God, the good time's all to come for her. I was speaking at the Post Office the other morning to the servant they have up at Clear Stream; and if Miss Berna, as they call her, had been a saint, she couldn't have said more in her praise than she did. She'll be making a big marriage one of these days."

Gorman did not answer; he only took his horse a little better in hand as he rode slowly down the hill. When they reached the cross lane, he pulled up and said, "I wish you'd ride round by the station, and see if any parcel is lying there for me."

"I'll do that, Mither Gorman."

"And, Doey."

"Yes, Sorr."

"I have not given you half what I meant to do for that good night's work you did a fortnight ago."

"Never mention that, your Honour. I want nothing. It was the height of diversion to me."

"Here's a trifle more you can keep, at any rate," and Gorman thrust three pound notes into Doey's apparently reluctant fingers. "And don't forget to ask about the parcel," Gorman added, as he turned away.

"Never fear, Sorr; Peter won't forget;" having uttered which assurance Peter, with some difficulty, induced his horse to start in the opposite direction from that his master was pursuing.

Once, however, he had turned the corner of the lane and was fairly in the old road Mr. Doey reined in, and, smoothing Gorman's present across his thigh, looked with rapture at the filthy bits of paper which represented value to the extent of sixty shillings.

"He's off after her," he considered, "and not a parcel of any sort will I find at the station. Well, love's a mighty queer thing, as old Molly Murphy said when her son took up with a 'skelly-eyed' girl, with scarce a dud to her back, and freckled like a turkey's egg."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There are not many persons who are able to grow younger day by day; but Mrs. Boyle continued to perform this feat, entirely to her own satisfaction. The re-juvenation process dated from the evening when Gorman Muir and she "foregathered"—when, stalwart man on one side of a rustic gate and lovely woman on the other, those few words were exchanged which convinced the widow she had not been mistaken that from the instant Gorman's eyes rested on her fair form he was, to adopt her own expression, "gone."

Till that time, her idea had been to trouble the peace of Muir Senior. But after Gorman spoke those soul-thrilling words, "dear Mrs. Boyle," she felt it would be most unkind to the younger man were she to evince any marked preference for his father.

"Indeed, and if I married old Muir we'd be just a laughing stock," she decided. "Why, strangers would take us for grandfather and grandchild. Once I throw off these black clothes it's more like a girl in her teens I'll be looking than a woman that has buried her husband and seen all the troubles of this wicked world. Come May, I'll have been left a sorrowful widow twelve months; and then I can lighten my mourning a bit. Oh! it's heathenish to bid a woman with a weight of care in her heart go about the world with two rows of stiff white muslin under her bonnet. And me that black never did 'set.' The first time I ever met Ulick I'd on a pink gown. Well I mind it—seven tucks, no less, there were in the skirt; and he said the colour in my cheeks shamed the dyer's art. I wonder, when he lay on the green sod, with the last breath leaving him, whether he thought of the young wife, who married him for love, that he wasn't leaving a ten-penny piece to bless herself with. Well, well, a handsomer man than he ever was—(and whatever faults Ulick Boyle had, he was personable, and as fine a figure as ever you'd meet in Sackville-street. Didn't I think myself the made woman the night he offered for me? Shall I ever forget that ball at Kegan's, when they had rivers of milk-punch and wine for the asking?)—is after me now, and will make a grand lady of me yet. I wish he had more notion of himself. He needn't be so shy—hanging back for fear of offending me when his heart is bursting with the words he's afraid to speak. It's not like as if I was a young child, never had had an offer. Sometimes I think it's Berna's cold, heartless way crows him. It would be natural for him to feel timid about putting division between mother and daughter; and I know she'll never forgive me if I change my name—just as if because I've buried one husband I was never to have another."

With the fine spring weather Mrs. Boyle put out leaves of youth and gladness, like the trees. Her light step grew lighter, her faded eyes brighter, her complexion clearer, her manner more juvenile. She went singing about the house and warbling as though she had been a nightingale among the laurels and rose-trees surrounding Clear Stream Cottage. She was always urging Berna to pin some knot of colour on her dress.

"All the fretting in the world," she said, "won't bring the dead back again. We've got our lives to live; and, for my part, I don't mean to go on year after year, and year after year, as I have done, miserable and mournful, as if I'd murdered Ulick Boyle, like that wicked woman Judith they're always reading about in church. What's that you're saying—the story of Judith is in the Apocalypse? I know that as well as you; but one part of the Bible is as good as another, I hope. It's written for our learning, and if you'd study the ten blessed commandments, and learn to be respectful and obedient to your own mother instead of contradicting her, and putting yourself forward at every turn, it would be more becoming than reading Apocryphas, and things like that."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" groaned poor old Ruth, as she saw, day by day, how the life was telling upon "her child."

"The mistress 'll never rest till she frets her into her coffin; Why doesn't the man speak and be done with it? Why can't he say out he's not coming after the old mother, but the daughter? I'd tell her myself, only she'd never believe me. Why, it was only yesterday she said she felt light as a feather, and, I thought to myself, no feather could be lighter or more foolish. Anybody but herself might see the change has come on Miss Berna. Why, even Miss Muir asked me the other day what was ailing her: 'She looks,' says Miss Muir, 'as if she hadn't strength to get about.' And, indeed, that's true; but she'll go on till she drops."

After a long dull winter, spring at last came smiling upon the earth, her emerald robe spangled with primroses and all the fair fragile flowers that first lift their heads above ground. In the woods, birds were mating and building and twittering, busy as busy could be; the larch was hanging out its tassels, the willows were covered with catkins, wild anemones carpeted the ground, the streams ran joyously on their way, the landscape was flooded with sunshine, the air was full of that fresh, nameless odour which never greets us save when the sap is rising—but strength seemed as far from Berna as ever. From that day when she took shelter at Ardilaw she seemed to decline. She did not complain. She made mention of no ailment; but she felt sometimes as though life were a burden too

heavy to bear. Upon her tired brain Mrs. Boyle's incessant babble beat with the weary monotony of a hammer; the shame, and the trouble, and the sorrow of the widow's insane delusion fretted Berna like a running sore. Rest—save when for a time in fitful sleep she forgot her wretched present, and through dreamland entered once again some scene of past delight—she never knew the meaning of the word. The lonely rambles up the hillsides and across the valley, which she once found so soothing, so efficacious in exorcising the demons of passionate regret and more passionate pride, had been long relinquished. Walking wearied her; and even had this not proved the case, she must have abandoned wandering over the country by herself, for, finally, there seemed no spot where Gorman failed to find her. They had met in the most unlikely places—by the Druid's stone, beside the waterfall on the way to Gilmakirk, in Knock graveyard, on the heights above Stormont, on the far-off road leading to the Castlereagh hills, looking down on the Lough from Hollywood, or gazing at the distant Gobbins and the blue line indicating the Scotch coast; wherever Berna was, Gorman, as a rule, found her—the most persistent of lovers, the most modest of wooers—tender, pleading, deferential, yet insistent—the girl could not venture beyond the narrow precincts of her home without encountering a man she wished to avoid, and not even in her home was she able to avoid him. If she stopped in her own room, he remained for hours listening to Mrs. Boyle's even stream of maddening folly, waiting for the footstep which, though tardy, had to come at last, hungering for the sight and voice of the girl he had grown to love to distraction.

There was no means he left untried to win a word from her, yet ice could not have seemed colder, stone more insensible, than Berna Boyle. He told her about his young mother, about Clonmelin, his own boyhood, his uncle's kindness, the loss of fortune he had sustained through treachery, the efforts he was determined to make to regain his former position; but to all appearance he could not sway the heart of his listener. One day, when Mrs. Boyle had left the room to see to the due preparation of some dainty she knew that "wrong-headed old Ruth would spoil only because she is aware I want it for Gorman," the young man happened to drop a hint to the effect he would be willing so far to sacrifice his own inclinations as to let the widow share her daughter's future home. Instantly Berna turned on him. What she said she never could afterwards quite remember. She only knew her lover sat stunned. During this he scarcely uttered a syllable, and when he left his farewell was frigid in its respectful propriety.

"When will you learn to behave yourself?" asked Mrs. Boyle when the door closed after their visitor. "Am I never to have a friend come but he must be made miserable through your notions? You'd better stop up in your own room altogether, Miss, till you come to your senses. Looking down on people better born than any Boyle that ever was—good-looking, and well-mannered, and pleasant. Ha! it's a pity my poor father wasn't living; he'd give you a fine talking to."

"I am tired of it all," said Berna, for once breaking silence. "Why should we associate with the Muirs—why should I, at all events, be compelled to meet them on equal terms?"

"Oh! indeed. We'll have to try and get you an invitation from the Queen. Nobody lower, I suppose, seems to you good enough to speak to. If I approve of people, that is enough for you. I had to bear enough from your father, without putting up with any nonsense from you."

"I will stay in my room, then," declared Berna.

"Do. I am not aware that anyone is so anxious for your society as to want to drag you out of it. Gorman Muir and myself can contrive, I make no doubt, to pass quarter of an hour, or even more, without your help."

But Mr. Gorman Muir did not seem disposed to try the experiment. For a time, his visits ceased altogether, and when he did come, it was but to sing Miss Garnsey's praises. He rode with her, he hunted with her, he walked with her, he drove with her. He went to balls, and picnics, and flower shows, and concerts in company with Mr. Garnsey and his daughter; he was always at Beechfield, so said local gossip. He was coining money, added the same reliable authority. Mr. Garnsey had given his consent, and the wedding clothes were ordered.

"Now you see what you've done," said Mrs. Boyle to her daughter; "driven away one who wanted to befriend us, and who, as I may say, adored me—yes, you may well put your hand to your head; I wonder a judgment does not fall on you for your conduct. They're all gone down together to the salt water. Mr. Garnsey has taken a house at Donaghadee, and young Muir's never but there."

Those were awful days for Berna. Though she would not confess it to herself, a very demon of jealousy was rending her heart. She could not marry Gorman herself, but she could not bear that he should marry anyone else. What she went through about that time she never told. Night after night she lay sobbing till the dawn. In the morning, and at noon, and till the evening she tried to accomplish some allotted task, but the work, or the book, or the pencil would drop from her tired fingers, and she would fall into weary reverie, from which sometimes even the sound of her mother's voice often failed to arouse her. At these times she thought but of Gorman, forgetting Mr. Muir; then Mr. Muir would come in, and she could remember nothing save the fact that he was abhorrent to her, and that he called Gorman son.

It was a Sunday morning in early June when Mrs. Boyle called up to Berna to know if she meant to be all day dressing herself.

"I would rather not go to church, mamma," said that young lady; "I am tired."

"Well, I don't know what it's with, then," answered the widow, who, having long previously judiciously curtailed her mourning, now appeared with something white and gauzy around her neck, giving a premonitory hint of what might further be expected in the way of change. "You're getting idler and idler; it's my belief you'll be too lazy to live after a while, and that you'll die because you can't bear the trouble of keeping about. As for not coming with me to church, though, make no mistake; I'm not going alone, and I am not going to stay away. I wonder if you never give the next world a thought, and you so obstinate and unfeeling in this. I'll be in my place, if only to show the people it's nothing to me what Mr. Gorman Muir chooses to do or leave undone."

Without answering a word, Berna turned into her own little bed-chamber, put on her mantle and bonnet, and then stood thoughtfully looking at her gloves.

Ruth was in the room, and suspended her employment to glance at the pale, weary face reflected in the glass. "Miss Berna, dear, you're not fit to go. Let me try what I can do with the mistress, and"—

"It is of no use," interrupted the girl. Then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. "Oh! I cannot, cannot bear much more," she sobbed.

"Am I to be kept waiting all day?" cried Mrs. Boyle at this juncture.

"I am coming, mamma," answered Berna; and she went. It was a perfect day; the grass was growing thick in the

meadows; lambs were calling to their mothers; a mare with a colt by her side was looking over a gate; families were wending their way to meeting, dressed in their best clothes—the men, as became the lords of creation, walking in advance of their wives, daughters, and sisters, who, carrying Bibles wrapped in clean white handkerchiefs, kept a little behind, discoursing, as Mr. Muir would have said, “about such things as they could understand.” Quite at their leisure, the Presbyterians “dandered” along. They had plenty of time, for their public worship did not begin till half-an-hour after the church bell stopped. Noon was an excellent time for persons forced to come from long distances to settle down in their pews; a far better time than that at which the sexton ceased reminding the by-law-established congregation they should be toiling up the hill.

“Make haste! we shall be all behind,” said Mrs. Boyle, hurrying along with short, tripping steps. “I never saw such a girl! Not an atom of life or activity about you.”

“Mamma, I cannot walk so fast,” ventured Berna. “I really am not well.”

“You’d be well enough if it wasn’t for your sinful temper,” answered Mrs. Boyle, pausing by the graveyard gate for her daughter, who panted painfully up the incline.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

SECOND NOTICE.

Macmillan's Magazine has one striking contribution, Mr. F. Harrison's discourse on “Historic London,” distinguished alike by enthusiasm for the writer's theme and a fine historical sense of its intimate connection with our national life. The other papers present little worthy of special remark. Mr. Grant Allen writes in his usual pleasant, but by this time almost too familiar, style of “British Buttercups.” The Nizam's investiture is described; British invalids are dissuaded from trying Australia; and Mr. Morley reveals the secret of his passionate desire to get us out of Egypt in the acknowledgment of his fear that a prolonged occupation of that country would embroil us with France.

Mr. Morley is not afraid of France, but he is wedded to French ideas, and knows that nothing would so surely obstruct their reception in England as a war. Mr. Matthew Arnold, however, in the brilliant lecture on “Numbers” which he contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*, declares that the Germanic element in the French nation has all but died out, and that nothing remains but the Latino-Gallic qualities, “some of them very advantageous ones,” which go to the making of “the average sensual man.” If so, a power greater than disputes about Egypt will prevent any intimate Anglo-French alliance. Mr. Arnold further declares that “in M. Victor Hugo we have the average sensual man, impassioned and grandiloquent,” a deliverance which cannot fail to drive Mr. Swinburne to the verge of insanity, if we may judge by the effect produced upon him by Mr. Arnold's over-praise of Byron, as evinced by his essay on Wordsworth and Byron in the same periodical. Mr. Swinburne has unfortunately allowed himself to be drawn into vituperation of a great poet which, if unrepented of, will lower his critical reputation as much as Mr. Arnold's own has been lowered by his depreciation of Shelley. There is nothing else of much interest in the number, except the Duke of Argyll's answer to Mr. George—conclusive, no doubt—but when a Duke refutes a Socialist the refutation is an advertisement.

A somewhat heavy number of the *Fortnightly* is relieved by two biographical papers—Archdeacon Farrar's glowing and graphic sketch of Professor Maurice, and notes from various quarters on the late Mr. Hayward, contributing to the illustration of his character from divers points of view. Professor Jebb picks a good many holes in Dr. Schliemann's “Troja,” but cannot get over the grand fact that what, according to him, ought to be found at Bunarbashi, has been found at Hisarlik. If he would effectually confound Dr. Schliemann, he must exchange the pen for the pickaxe. Mrs. W. Dillon discusses the ethics of dynamite with considerably more seriousness than they deserve.

The *Contemporary Review* is full of thoughtful papers. Mr. Herbert Spencer prognosticates the loss of individual liberty from the meddlesomeness of modern legislation. The Marquis of Lorne sketches a scheme for provincial legislation in Ireland which could only work if it were universally accepted. Mr. Sayce complains, too truly, we fear, of our tardiness in introducing useful reforms into Egypt. Professor Goldwin Smith maintains his old anti-imperial and anti-colonial views in opposition to Professor Seeley; and Canon Westcott points out the Christian affinities of Euripides.

The admixture, in the *National Review*, of subjects attractive to the lovers of literature and biography, of art and of nature, with Conservative Party politics, is judiciously proportioned. Lord Cranbrook supplies, instead of a political discourse, his recollections of lively talks with “Christopher North,” the late Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, on the banks of Windermere. A disciple of Izaak Walton, and more immediately of Charles Kingsley, descends upon the haunts and the capture of “Hampshire Trout,” in the pleasant vein of “Chalk-stream Studies.” The performances of Lear and Othello by Signor Salvini are discussed with profound admiration by Mr. W. E. Henley. Questions of urgent practical interest, the Merchant Shipping Bill, the Cattle Disease and Meat Supply, the Russian annexation of Merv, the Bengal Tenancy Bill, the relations between England and France, and the prospects of a Dissolution, occupy the larger share of attention.

The most interesting contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are a reasonable paper on Presidential Nominations, and reviews of two important new books, Roman's history of General Beauregard's campaigns, and Mr. Julian's “Political Recollections.”

Belgravia continues “The Lover's Creed” and “The Wearing of the Green” with spirit, and has the first part of a powerful dramatic tale, by the author of “John Herring,” entitled “At the Y,” the “Y” being the fork of two roads leading to Plymouth, between which Ephraim has to choose in his pursuit of his young Irishwoman. “My Big Fish” is a kind of “Giant's Robe,” in which a gigantic pike takes the place of the stolen novel. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has only one contribution of note, but this is the continuation of the brilliant “Philistia.” The manner in which the aristocratic young lady encourages the Socialistic tutor to the verge of a proposal, combined with his utter unsuspiciousness, is very entertaining. *Tinsley* has the translation of a clever article by Edmund About on the elder Dumas, illustrating his marvellous capacity for work at four a.m., after a sumptuous supper-party. *Merry England* has an excellent tale of cats and dogs by Mr. Walter Pollock.

We have also received *Time*, *The Argosy*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *Chambers's Journal*, *The Month*, *The Army and Navy Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *All the Year Round*.

Mr. Evan MacGregor, C.B., has been appointed Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty, in the room of Captain George Tryon, C.B., resigned, on promotion to flag rank.

A THERMOSTATIC NURSE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to your issue of March 8, which contains an article on “Incubators for Infants,” and an illustration of them as employed in the Maternity Hospital, Port Royal, Paris.

I crave your permission to describe an apparatus for the same purpose, which I have in use at the City of London Lying-in Hospital, the oldest hospital of the kind in this metropolis, to which I hold the appointment of consulting physician.

The term *Incubator*, as applied to infants, seeming inappropriate, this English model has been named by its inventor, Mr. Hearson, of London, a *Thermostatic Nurse*. I am led to bring it before your notice on account of the advantages it possesses over that which you have described. It is constructed on the same principle as the Champion Incubator for eggs, now so largely employed; it differs from it in being arranged with a cradle above the water-tank instead of having a drawer below, as in the case of the egg-hatching apparatus (vide Fig. 1). By the aid of the

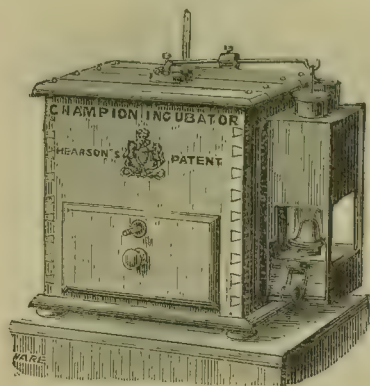


FIGURE 1.

illustrations, I hope to make its construction clear. Those of your readers who are interested in it will find it on view at 235, Regent-street, where also they will see the egg incubation carried on in all stages, even the chickens in the act of escaping from the eggs. The case of the Thermostatic Nurse is of wood (Fig. 2), divided horizontally into an upper and

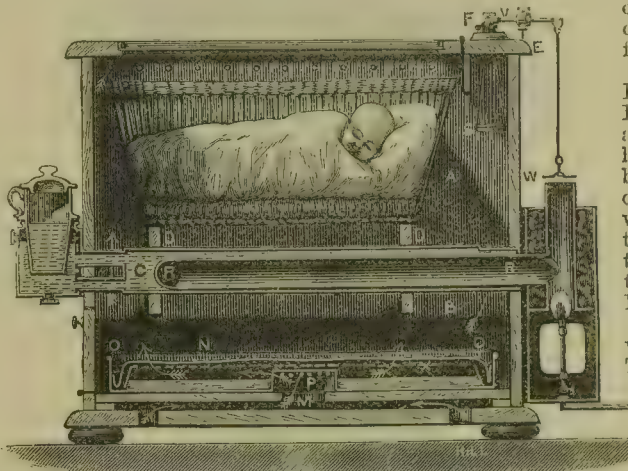


FIGURE 2.

lower compartment (A and B) by a shallow inclosed tank of water (C), which extends to within two inches of the wood-work all round, this interval being left to allow of free access of air from the lower to the upper part. Above the water tank, and supported on slips of wood (D, D), is a cradle for the reception of the infant, which is kept in view through a glass window on the top of the apparatus. This sash is hinged at the back to a portion of the cover (E), about four inches wide (Fig. 3); and affixed to this is the lever-plate

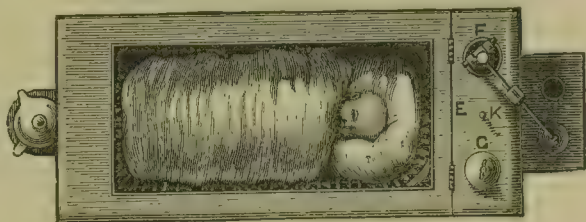


FIGURE 3.

(F), the alarum (G), and the thermometer (K), the scale of the latter being outside, under immediate observation. Through the bottom of the apparatus a hole (M), three inches in diameter, permits the entrance of a liberal supply of atmospheric air, which passes through two layers of very coarse canvas (N), kept constantly wet. This is effected by means of a metal tray (O), nearly as large as the bottom of the apparatus. The centre of this tray is raised, in the form of a cap (P), which fits over the aperture (M) through which the air enters. It is perforated all round its sides, so that the air passes through it horizontally, as shown by the arrows, instead of rising vertically. The lower margins of the holes in this raised portion are about an inch from the bottom of the tray, which is filled with water up to this level. Another tray (X) of very coarsely perforated zinc, somewhat smaller than the first, is turned upside down within it, and over this is fitted the coarse canvas (N), the edges of which are carefully tucked into the water all round. By this means the canvas is continually absorbing the moisture, while it receives a regular supply of heat from the bottom of the large water-tank; thus the air entering is uniformly moistened and heated. Outside the apparatus is a gas-flame, the heat from which passes through a flue (R, R) shaped like the letter U, so as to twice traverse the length of the water-tank, by which means the water is heated.

The temperature of the entering air naturally varies considerably from hour to hour, and from day to day, and this would of necessity exert a powerful influence on the internal temperature were it not for an arrangement planned to counteract it. And in this *modus operandi* lies the great merit of Hearson's apparatus, incubator and thermostatic nurse alike. A hermetically sealed metallic capsule (S), two inches

square, containing a small quantity of a liquid which boils at 90 deg. Fahr., is fixed in the space at the head of the cradle; in the centre of the upper part of this capsule is a button having a cup-shaped depression, in which rests the lower end of a stiff wire which passes out through the top of the apparatus, where it comes in contact with a light lever (V) which is pivoted to the brass plate (F). From the free end of this lever hangs a little damper (W), which rests on the top of the chimney under which the gas-jet burns. It will be at once understood that as soon as the temperature in the compartment (A) reaches 90 deg. Fahr. the liquid in the capsule (S) will boil and generate a vapour, which will cause the hitherto flat capsule to expand into the shape of a pillow, thus raising the wire rod, which, acting on the lever (V), at once lifts the damper (W) off the chimney, allowing the heat from the flame to escape by that outlet, and preventing the further heating of the water. On the other hand, if the glass lid of the apparatus be raised, cold air will immediately enter, and so the capsule will cool, assuming its flattened form. As it collapses the wire falls, and the damper descends upon the chimney, obliging the whole of the heat generated from the flame to pass through the water-tank, until that which has been lost has been replaced, when the damper will be lifted by the expanding capsule to such a height as shall utilise the precise amount of heat required to maintain the temperature in the chamber (A) uniform. If a higher temperature than the boiling-point of the liquid within the capsule be desired, this can be obtained by moving the weight (T) along the lever towards the end to which the damper is attached; the further it is placed in this direction the greater is the heat produced.

Having once obtained by this means the temperature desired, the same may be kept up for an indefinite period with scarcely any appreciable variation, and without any attention to the apparatus. Indeed, when once adjusted, it should be left alone, as it is automatic in its working, and in this feature lies the great superiority of the English over the French apparatus. In the latter it is necessary to change the stone bottles every two hours, and fill them with boiling water; imagine the labour and difficulty of keeping this up day and night, and the impossibility of maintaining a uniform supply of heat by such means will be apparent. In the Thermostatic Nurse, so long as the automatic regulator is in order, and it is difficult to conceive how it can go wrong, it is impossible to overheat the interior; if, however, from any unaccountable cause the capsule should get damaged, and the temperature should rise to any predetermined degree which is considered undesirable, it may be so arranged that as soon as it attains this heat a bell will be rung automatically. This alarum (G) sounds on the spot, but it may be easily made to ring by electricity at any desired distance. It should be mentioned that outside the apparatus, near the foot of the cradle, a feeding-cup is placed, the food within which is kept warm and ready for use by means of the hot water in the tank.

The Thermostatic Nurse is not untried. Dr. Eustache, of Lille, France, has one in the Maternité, and he writes on Dec. 27, 1883: “For the whole month during which the apparatus has been in action in the ward of my lying-in hospital I have noted that the variations of temperature have been absolutely insignificant, ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of a degree centigrade. By night, as by day, the apparatus has stood without perceptible variation at 32 deg. centigrade, which was the temperature I asked for. What constitutes the incontestable superiority of this almost absolute heat controller is that it is automatic.” There is also one in use at the Brussels Lying-in Hospital.

The Thermostatic Nurse, like the Champion Incubator, will work with oil, and maintain the same regularity as with gas. The price of an apparatus to hold a single infant is £6, to hold two infants £10. It can easily be arranged that they shall be obtained on hire if there be any demand for such.

Those of your readers who are interested in the subject should obtain a treatise upon it by Monsieur A. Anvard, Interne à la Maternité de Paris, entitled “De la Couveuse pour Enfants.” It is reprinted from the *Archives de Gynecologie*, and is published by Messieurs A. Delahaye et F. Lecrosnier, Place de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, Paris.

It records the treatment of 145 infants by means of the so-called “Incubator,” and the following successful results are mentioned:—The mortality of infants weighing at their birth less than 2000 grammes (a little over 4 lb.) which was found to be ordinarily about 66 per cent, was reduced by the employment of the Incubator to 38 per cent; while infants suffering from oedema, or a serous infiltration of the tissues, caused by the low state of vitality at birth and the effects of the external temperature, who, under ordinary circumstances, died at the rate of sixteen out of twenty, were reared in the Incubator in the proportion of seventeen out of the twenty-one infants so treated.

I hope, in course of time, to be able to record in the Medical Journals my experience of the employment of the Thermostatic Nurse in the City of London Lying-in Hospital. At present my personal knowledge of the apparatus is confined to the working of the Champion Incubator, which, as has been already stated, is precisely analogous. For the purpose of observation, I have had one of these in operation for several weeks in my house, hatching eggs, and I am able to testify that, notwithstanding the extraordinary variations in the temperature of the external air from day to day during the last fortnight, the temperature in the egg drawer has kept almost without variation, between 103 deg. and 104 deg. Fahrenheit. The lower the temperature of the external air the hotter is the water in the tank.

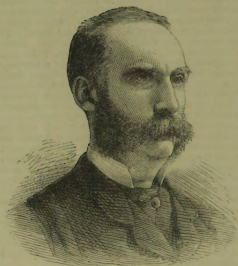
On the top of a portico in Grosvenor-street is one of Hearson's Foster-Mothers, containing the chickens I have hatched; they are in a perfect state of health, have been revelling in the sunshine of the past week, keeping out in the air while it lasted, and retiring later in the day to their sleeping chamber kept always heated by the oil lamp.

I am yours faithfully,

CLEMENT GODSON, M.D.

9, Grosvenor-street, London, W., March 22, 1884.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain Thomas J. Greenbank, master of the American ship *Martha Cobb*, of Rockland, U.S.A., in acknowledgment of his humanity in standing by the British barque *Grecian*, of Dundee, which was in a sinking condition, for several hours in a very heavy sea, and finally rescuing the crew. The Board have awarded a gold medal to Mr. Dominick Gardiner, the second mate of the *Martha Cobb*, in recognition of his gallantry in taking the command of a small boat and making two trips to the *Grecian* for the purpose of taking off the crew.—The Board have awarded their silver medal to Mr. R. Firman, master of the steam-ship *Whitehall*, of London, in recognition of his humanity in standing by the barque *Moel Rhiwan*, of Carnarvon, which was in a sinking state, and sending a small boat in a heavy sea to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew. The Board have also awarded their bronze medal to the two men who manned the boat in acknowledgment of their gallant conduct.



LIEUT.-COL. G. TWISS,
1st Battalion Hants Artillery.



LIEUT.-COL. W. KNOCKLE,
1st Battalion East Kent.



LIEUT.-COL. R. P. LAURIE,
2nd London.



LIEUT.-COL. LORD ARTHUR HILL,
2nd Battalion Middlesex Artillery.



LIEUT.-COL. R. W. ROUTLEDGE,
2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers.



COLONEL H. LUMSDEN,
London Scottish.



LIEUT.-COL. A. M. JONES,
1st Battalion Gloucestershire (City of Bristol).



LIEUT.-COL. G. TURNER,
1st Lancashire.



LIEUT.-COL. W. J. ALT,
2nd Middlesex (Central London Rangers).



LIEUT.-COL. J. JOHN EVANS,
1st Derbyshire.



LIEUT.-COL. E. HUGHES,
2nd Kent Artillery.



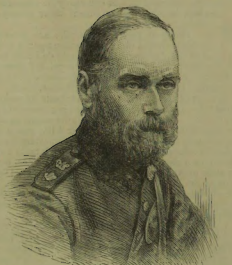
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1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire.



LIEUT.-COL. C. J. BURT,
1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. J. MELLOR,
1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers.



LIEUT.-COL. O. P. WETHERED,
1st Bucks.



LIEUT.-COL. R. W. EDIS,
2nd Middlesex (Artists').



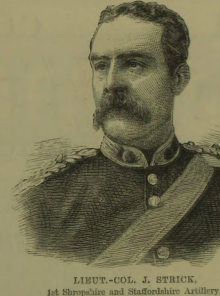
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2nd Middlesex.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR E. J. LOYD LINDSAY, V.C.,
1st Battalion Berkshire.



LIEUT.-COL. W. BENSTON LONG,
1st Suffolk.



LIEUT.-COL. J. STRICK,
1st Shropshire and Staffordshire Artillery.



LIEUT.-COL. J. W. BUSBY,
15th Middlesex (Queen's Westminster).



LIEUT.-COL. MALCOLM BARNETT,
1st Kent Artillery.



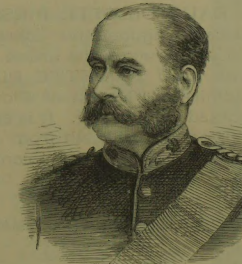
LIEUT.-COL. J. R. MORRIS,
2nd Middlesex.



LIEUT.-COL. SEDDON,
1st Battalion Lincolnshire.



COLONEL R. O. F. STEWARD,
1st Dorset.



LIEUT.-COL. J. H. MAPLESON,
1st Tower Hamlets.



LIEUT.-COL. LORD E. W. P. CLINTON,
London Rifle Brigade.



LIEUT.-COL. J. A. ANSTICE,
1st Shropshire.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The annual grand review and exhibition of military field manoeuvres by the Volunteer corps of the Home, Southern, and other Districts will take place next Monday on the Portsdown hills, above Portsmouth. The Volunteer troops will be divided into two opposing forces; a Western force marching from Salisbury, as is supposed, to reinforce the garrison of the Hilsa forts; and a Northern force coming from Guildford to intercept this movement. The Western force is represented by the Volunteer corps detraining at Fareham, together with an infantry brigade from Gosport and one field battery (rendezvous Fort Nelson). The Northern force consists of the Volunteer corps detraining at Havant (rendezvous Fort Parbrook). The Hilsa garrison is formed by the regular troops from Portsmouth (rendezvous Hilsa lines, with advanced posts at Cosham). The advanced guard of the Northern force is represented by the Volunteer marching columns. The outposts of the Hilsa garrison are represented by small bodies of cavalry and infantry brought forward to meet the marching columns. The forts on Portsdown Hill are supposed to be non-existent. The bridges over the Hilsa Channel are supposed to be protected by a *tête du pont*, which prevents their being destroyed by artillery fire. At the conclusion of the manoeuvres the whole of the troops will assemble on the heights half-way between Forts Widley and Southwick.

The preliminary movements, on Friday and Saturday of this week, are interesting from a strategic point of view. On Friday, the advanced guard of the Northern force, having reached Liphook the previous evening, arrives in the neighbourhood of Petersfield, covering the roads leading to the Portsdown Ridge. On Saturday, the advanced guard of the Northern force continues its advance, drives back the weak outposts of the Hilsa garrison, and gains the Portsdown Ridge. The outposts of the Hilsa garrison occupy Cosham. The main body of the Northern force is supposed to reach the Portsdown Ridge during the night. The Western force arrives at Fareham during the night. Finally, on Monday, the Western force endeavours to carry out its object aided by a sortie made by the Hilsa garrison. The Northern force endeavours to prevent the junction.

The march of five columns dispatched from London on Friday morning is a movement particularly interesting to their friends in town. These columns are, respectively, under the command, No. 1, of Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson; No. 2, Lieutenant-Colonel Lumsden; No. 3, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown; No. 4, Lieutenant-Colonel Richards; and No. 5, Lieutenant-Colonel Routledge. On Good Friday night the troops will be billeted in barns and farm buildings at Hambledon, Lovedean, Catherington, Horndean, Blendworth, Rowlands Castle, Telsworth, Finchdean, Chilton, Clanfield, Brinton, Weston, and North House. The march will be resumed on Saturday to Portsmouth, and the columns will be opposed by a brigade of infantry representing the enemy, also a squadron of cavalry. The troops will then be distributed in the forts on Portsdown Heights and the various barracks in and near Portsmouth. The Artists go to Eastney, and the London Scottish to Anglesea, while the Middlesex Yeomanry will find quarters for men and horses in Hilsa Barracks. The column will then cease to form an independent command, and the senior officer in each fort will be in command of the men composing the force in the fort.

The force marching from London to Portsmouth, in five columns, under Colonel Monierieff, of the Scots Guards, will consist of about 4500 men, divided as follows:—

No. 1 column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Alt,

Central London Rangers, with Major Beckett, 3rd Hussars, as staff officer. 1st Battalion.—Detachments of Oxford University R.V., 1st Middlesex E.V., 18th Middlesex R.V., 6th Middlesex R.V., and 5th Surrey R.V. Total, 30 officers and 482 non-commissioned officers and men. 2nd Battalion.—Detachments of 2nd London R.V. and 1st Battalion West Surrey R.V. Total, 24 officers and 573 non-commissioned officers and men. Total for No. 1 column, 1109 of all ranks.

No. 2 column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lumsden, London Scottish, with Captain the Hon. N. Dalrymple, Scots Guards, as staff officer. 1st Battalion.—Detachments of Inns of Court, Cambridge University, London Irish, and London Scottish. Total, 29 officers and 580 non-commissioned officers and men. 2nd Battalion.—Detachments of the Artists and 1st and 2nd R.V. Total, 30 officers and 589 non-commissioned officers and men. Total of No. 2 column, 1228 of all ranks.

No. 3 column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, 17th Middlesex R.V., with Lieutenant-Colonel Ivor Herbert, Grenadier Guards, as staff officer. 1st Battalion.—Detachments of Queen's Westminster and 2nd (South) Middlesex R.V. Total, 24 officers and 536 non-commissioned officers and men. 2nd Battalion.—Detachments of the Civil Service, Central London Rangers, and 17th (North) Middlesex R.V. Total not given.

No. 4 column, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith Richards, 19th Middlesex R.V., with Lieutenant Luttrell, Grenadier Guards, as staff officer. Detachments of the Bloomsbury Rifles, 8th (South) Middlesex R.V., and 1st London E.V. Total, 21 officers and 487 non-commissioned officers and men.

No. 5 column, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Routledge, 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, with Lieutenant the Hon. Arthur Henniker, Coldstream Guards, as staff officer. Detachments of 2nd and 3rd Volunteer Battalions Royal West Surrey, Victoria Rifles, 7th Surrey, R.V., 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, and 3rd Surrey R.V. Total, 28 officers and 530 non-commissioned officers and men.

There will also be an ambulance detachment, under Surgeon R. F. Cumming, Scots Guards; a signalling detachment, entirely composed of Volunteers, under Lieutenant F. Lloyd, Grenadier Guards; a detachment of the Middlesex Yeomanry, above thirty-five strong, and fifteen Mounted Rifles of the Victoria Rifles.

The details of the march from London to Portsmouth have been prepared by Colonel the Hon. P. Methuen, C.B., Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Home District, who has again been intrusted with the whole of the arrangements connected with this important feature of the Easter Manoeuvres. On Thursday, a directing party and escort, consisting of one battalion of Hants Volunteers and one squadron of Hants Yeomanry, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Crichton, would be dispatched from Portsmouth garrison to profit by the weekly market held at Petersfield. The conveyance by railway of the provisions thus obtained is supposed to be cut off, on Friday, by the Northern force having destroyed the line, so that they have to be sent by road. The convoy is then pursued by the 5th Column, under Colonel Routledge, the officer commanding the troop of the divisional cavalry (Middlesex Yeomanry) attached to the marching column informs him that a convoy has just started from Portsmouth, via Bulser-hill, Horndean. The open country is covered by small parties of the enemy's cavalry (imaginary), sent out on information having been received that the line has been cut to cover the retreat of the convoy. Meantime, it is satisfactory to know that our London volunteers will really not be in lack of provisions. The troops will, for the most part,

be fed by Mr. Swan, of Petersfield, on the same terms as in the two previous years—viz., for a dinner on Good Friday, consisting of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cold meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread, hot potatoes and pickles, 1s. 6d.; tea or coffee 3d.; and next morning, bread and butter, with tea or coffee, 6d. Some of the corporations themselves, some are fed by the publicans of the villages where they are billeted. The officers will be housed and fed by the gentry in the neighbourhood. The troops will be lodged in barns and other buildings, at a cost of sixpence for each man. To show the capacity for billeting in this part of England, it may be remarked that 1000 more men could be billeted in the radius above, plus 1500 to 2000 men at Petersfield. As in former years, each man is supplied with a great coat and a blanket. The latter were to be conveyed in commissariat waggons issued from the Home District on the Thursday, collected on the Saturday, and brought back direct. It is worth remarking that out of 4200 blankets issued last year, and many of them collected and issued twice—viz., on the Good Friday, and again at Brighton, only eighteen were reported deficient.

We present, in this week's publication, some Illustrations of the uniform and equipment of different Volunteer Corps, and Portraits of many commanding officers of Volunteer Battalions in various Regimental Districts of England, where each of them is officially associated with a Regiment of the regular Army. Thus, in the Home District, the 1st Berks Volunteer Battalion is linked with the Berkshire Regiment of Infantry (dépôt at Reading); the Oxfordshire and Bucks Volunteers with the Oxfordshire Light Infantry; the London Artillery Corps, and the Middlesex, West Kent, and Surrey Artillery, with the London Division of Royal Artillery (at Woolwich); the numerous Volunteer Rifle Corps of London, Middlesex, and Surrey, with the King's Royal Rifle Corps (at Winchester), the Rifle Brigade (at Winchester), the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment, at Hounslow), and the East Surrey Regiment (at Kingston), or the West Surrey (at Guildford); while the Rifle Volunteers of the Woolwich District are associated with the Royal West Kent Regiment.

Illustrations of the march from London to Portsmouth, and of the manoeuvres on Easter Monday, will appear in our next.

A public meeting was held at the Mansion House on Thursday—Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P., presiding—in connection with the City of London College School for boys, promoted by the Church Schools Company. On the motion of Earl Beauchamp, a resolution in support of the movement was passed.

Major-General C. C. Fraser, V.C., C.B., who has been appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry for Great Britain, has assumed the command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, in succession to Lieutenant-General Sir F. W. J. Fitzwygram, Bart., who has just completed his five years' appointment.

It appears from a Parliamentary return recently issued that under the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, £22,450 was awarded by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland up to June 30, 1883, to the personal representatives of persons killed and £20,185 to persons injured. During three years ending on the same day grand juries in Ireland under the Peace Preservation Act awarded £7240 to the representatives of persons killed and £2480 to persons injured. The Lord Lieutenant dealt with the cases of thirty-three persons and the grand juries with eleven persons killed. The highest awards were £4000 to the executors of Mr. J. Young, J.P., murdered in the county of Roscommon; £3000 to Mr. Denis J. Field, who was attacked in Dublin; and £3000 to the representatives of Lord Montmorres, murdered in the county of Galway.

HEALTH

COMFORT

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WITH THE

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TWO



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SIZES

PLEASANT

AS A

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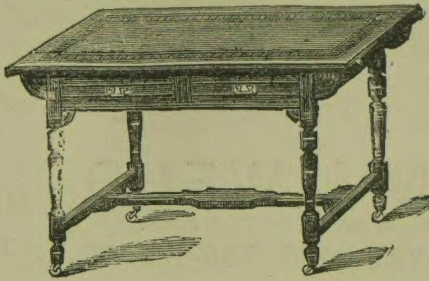
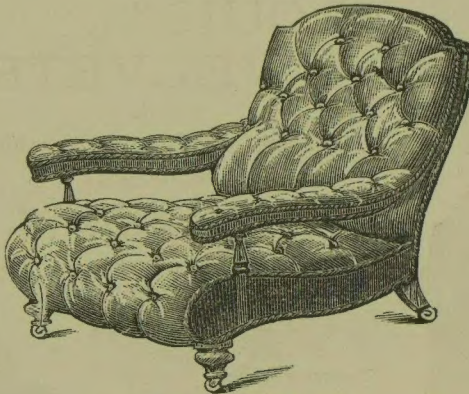
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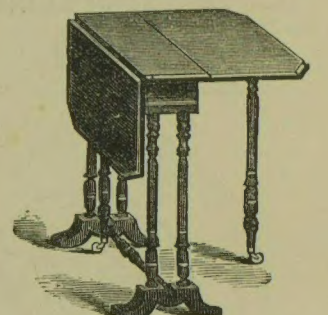
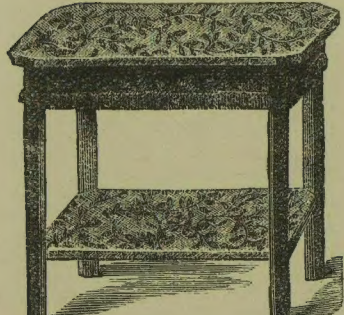
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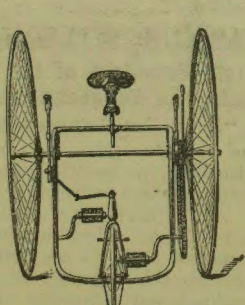
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